WORLD SOCCER

3s 0d
15p

The *INTERNATIONAL* Magazine

FEBRUARY 1971

EXTRAORDINARY START TO THE NEW YEAR . . .

by PHILIP RISING

PROFESSIONAL football provided a number of major news stories during the first two weeks of 1971 . . . so much so that soccer seemed to take up more space on the front pages of Britain's national newspapers than in the various sports sections.

Wilf McGuinness was relieved of his duties as team-manager of Manchester United; 66 people tragically died at Ibrox Park in Glasgow after the traditional New Year fixture between Rangers and Celtic; Bobby Moore was fined by West Ham after visiting a Blackpool nightclub on the eve of an FA Cup match, and later dropped because of poor form, and George Best figured in a dispute with Manchester United.

The Bobby Moore affair encouraged the big guns of Fleet Street to fire an almighty salvo. Moore, along with his West Ham colleagues Jimmy Greaves, Brian Dear and Clyde Best, was seen in a nightclub in the early hours of January 2, the day they played Blackpool in the third round of the Cup.

Irate supporter

West Ham were beaten 4-0 and an irate supporter reported what she had seen to the club. As a result Moore and his three team-mates were fined. I do not argue that Moore acted irresponsibly—although it does not mean that because he was out late he was drinking heavily nor that his performance against Blackpool suffered as a result—but I do feel that too much was made of his indiscretion.

The quicker the Blackpool incident is forgotten the better it will be for West Ham and Moore. And I can only classify suggestions that Moore's position as captain of England is in jeopardy as utter rubbish.

Moore, somewhat unfairly in my opinion, was put on the pillory by the English press but I found the general public only too willing to forgive and forget.

Not so with George Best. After missing a train to London for an appearance before the FA's Disciplinary Committee—keeping both the Committee and his manager, Sir Matt Busby, waiting for three hours—Best was given a suspended six-week suspension.

Before the week was out Best was back in the headlines. He skipped training the day before United were due to meet Chelsea, also missed the train south and was subsequently dropped. The following Monday he was suspended for two weeks by Manchester United.

Best came out of hiding the same day, his business manager announced that the young Irishman was on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and the two of them drove back to Manchester for a confrontation with Sir Matt.

A heart-to-heart talk between the two of them—and Sir Matt is undoubtedly one of the few people who can genuinely influence Best—appeared to resolve some of George's problems.

Best insists that his troubles over the past few weeks have been exclusively to do with football. No doubt he has found the recent failures of United difficult to swallow and his own form has come in for a good deal of criticism.

Talk of United selling their mercurial genius was pure speculation. Although United gave a splendid exhibition in beating Chelsea—illustrating that they can survive without their controversial star—Best still has much to offer the team.

I would go along with those who say he must learn to part with the ball and remember that for all his individualistic flair he is essentially a part of a team. There were definite signs at Stamford Bridge, admittedly against a strangely inept Chelsea, of the old Manchester United.

FRONT COVER PICTURE

George Best of Manchester United, very much in the news during January, is pictured playing against Tottenham Hotspur at White Hart Lane. The Spurs players are Mike England and Phil Beal.

Vintage inter-passing

Paddy Crerand, despite his one, almost fatal, mistake, Denis Law, eager for the ball again, and Bobby Charlton, engineered a victory that was ultimately achieved by playing football throughout. There was some vintage inter-passing between the three of them that was refreshing to watch.

Nevertheless I thought their inspiration was Nobby Stiles, back in the side and, more important perhaps, playing his old role of covering his defence. Even allowing for Chelsea's disappointing attack, Nobby used his vast experience to read situations and take the necessary steps.

Some of the hardness that appeared to have crept into the side in recent months was gone, too. Young John Fitzpatrick showed that he can be an exceptional full-back without infringing the rules.

And all this—and a capacity crowd too—without Best. One United player said "We had to win for the Boss after our Cup defeat at Middlesbrough" and the quality of their performance certainly put Sir Matt in a strong position when faced by Best.

I sincerely hope that George Best is rapidly reinstated to the United team and that he puts his troubles behind him and produces the goods for the club he loves. Despite his fall in the popularity stakes of late Best remains a super-attraction and a player capable of entertaining millions—in addition to helping Manchester United achieve success once more.

WORLD SOCCER
incorporating SOCCER STAR
The INTERNATIONAL Magazine
79 TEMPLE CHAMBERS · LONDON · EC4 · ENGLAND · 01-353 5688

Editor:
PHILIP RISING

FEBRUARY WORLD SOCCER 1971
VOL. 11 No. 5

Contents

		Page
Amancio writes		3
Van Himst back		5
Looking at Soccer	*Brian Glanville*	6
Argentina news	*Eric Weil*	8
Speaking Personally	*Leslie Vernon*	9
Red Star on threshold	*Norman Cutler*	10
One goal decides	*Arne Jansen*	11
News from Holland	*Hans Molenaar*	12
Poles remain a puzzle	*Arthur Rotmil*	14
USA report	*Colin Jose*	15
Real's blunder	*Norman Cutler*	16
Hungarian news	*Leslie Vernon*	18
Crowd riot at Naples	*Philip Evans*	19
Half-way title for Bayern	*Arthur Rotmil*	20
French on tour		21
Club Focus on FC Twente	*Jack Rollin*	22
Barcelona still lead	*Norman Cutler*	23
Manchester crisis town	*Brian Glanville*	24
Legia lead in Poland		26
Welsh news	*Peter Jackson*	27
Soccer booming	*Ron Griffiths*	28
Botev the shock team in Bulgaria	*A. Tanielian*	29
World Diary	*Roger Macdonald*	30
Mexico play-off	*Stellan Danielsson*	32
European poll surprises	*Philip Evans*	33
League changes continue	*Eric Weil*	34
Swiss newsletter	*Arthur Rotmil*	35
Alarming decline in attendances	*Colin McAlpin*	36
Apple blinds Spanish ref	*Norman Cutler*	37
Technical feature	*Eric Batty*	38
Cheaper to buy?	*Arthur Rotmil*	40
Van Moer scoops award	*Hans Molenaar*	41
News from Iceland	*K. L. Palsson*	42
Book reviews		43
African Notebook	*Roger Macdonald*	44
Sporting storm		46
Soccertistics		47

WORLD SOCCER (incorporating SOCCER STAR) is published monthly by Websters Publications Ltd., 79 Temple Chambers, London, E.C.4, England. Situated at this address are the magazine's Editorial, Advertising and Publishing offices. Printed by The Chesham Press Ltd., Chesham, Buckinghamshire.

REAL MADRID'S

AMANCIO

writes for WORLD SOCCER

Feeling of pride and achievement

YOU have to play for Real Madrid to experience the feeling of "belonging" and to be aware just what this means to the players. Every time you pull a Madrid shirt over your shoulders you get a feeling of pride, of achievement and an awareness that you carry a responsibility every time you play for the club. I'm sure this is true too for the reserves and even the young amateurs!

Our club presidente, Don Santiago Bernabeu, must be given the credit for this family feeling. Real Madrid, thanks to his influence, is much like a family—a real family in the fullest sense. It was he who built the club up and made it the envy of Spain and a large part of his secret lies in the attitude he has adopted towards the players.

Don Santiago is like a father to all of us and he has the truly great quality of "feeling" the needs of the moment and varying his approach according to the circumstances. When a player is a little out of touch—"loss of form" is the popular expression, a few words of encouragement from Don Santiago can work wonders.

Great believer

Generous with his praise, he's also ready and more than capable of handing out a verbal chastisement when he thinks it's needed and I really cannot remember a player being taken to task by our president but feeling that he's being unfairly picked on

It's from him, too, that we have earned our reputation for sportsmanship for he's a great believer in discipline on the field. To win the European Cup six times yet be respected for a reputation for fair play takes some doing, but that's exactly what Real have done.

In some of our more difficult matches, particularly those away from home in the European Cup it's often been difficult to avoid falling back on defensive tactics but in my time this has been extremely rare. Even then, when we have played with an emphasis on defence it has been done in order to extend our opponents and encourage them to push up more players into attack.

The underlying objective has been to stage sudden break-aways to try and score goals I'm sure it's fair to say that Real firmly believe in attacking football and in the long run this is the only way to obtain consistently good results.

● *Continued overleaf*

REAL MADRID'S
AMANCIO
writes for WORLD SOCCER

● *Continued from previous page*

This is a philosophy with which I wholeheartedly agree. For many spectators—supporters is perhaps a better word—collecting two league points or winning a Cup tie is entertainment enough. But there are others who buy tickets to watch Real play; who really do want to see attractive, entertaining football and the customers, whether they are supporters or spectators, must never be forgotten. To please them all and keep them coming to watch you, the club must play entertaining, attractive football .. and win.

Right at the heart of the problem, you must recognise that the hard core of any club's spectators want to see their team win. But if a certain percentage will stay away if the club starts to lose I'm still convinced that the quickest way to empty the terraces is to play drab, defensive football.

Even though it's been nearly five years since we last won the European Cup, falling attendances are hardly a problem as far as Real Madrid are concerned. We've been league champions six times in the last seven seasons and we set out this season to be champions again.

Knee injury

Despite the fact that we've had a terrible run of injuries we are still close to the top and I've been out of action following a knee injury and operation myself for half the season. Despite this I'm convinced we've still got a real chance, for with our record in the Spanish game no one can ever rule out Real Madrid. And if we do take the championship—it will be with attacking football.

Many experts, particularly foreign ones, believe that the club is in decline. Perhaps by comparison with the team of Di Stefano and Puskas the club is not as strong or as attractive as it used to be but the game is different now. Everything has changed.

Even so, even the really great teams need a little bit of luck now and again and in the last two or three seasons we just haven't had it. Take our semi-final defeat against Manchester United the year they beat Benfica in the final. First, remember what Manchester United did to Benfica in the final and realising this and the fact that we only lost 4-3 on aggregate against them, I'm sure we would have won the Cup again if we'd reached the final.

Even Manchester United players and officials will surely agree that they were a little fortunate to eliminate us and that means we just didn't get the breaks. After losing 1-0 at Old Trafford, Manchester, we drew 3-3 in Madrid and all three of United's goals that night were all but *given* to them.

Amancio, pictured playing for Real Madrid.

Spectators must not be ignored

Really it isn't sour grapes; we were winning on aggregate and cousting when Zoco was unlucky enough to slice a clearance into his own goal. At that particular time there was no danger at all to our goal, and this rather fortunate score put United back in the game at a time when I myself had the definite feeling that their players had lost belief in themselves.

They didn't think they could do it until they got the Zoco goal, that little bit of luck. In the end it made all the difference. Last season, too, we were desperately unlucky when we were eliminated by Rapid from Vienna. Drawing after two matches we went on out because of that away goals rule!

Education

No doubt Real Madrid were at their peak when Di Stefano was the key player and I count myself fortunate to have played alongside him and Ferenc Puskas. To my mind Di Stefano was the greatest player I have seen and to play with him was an education. One second he was up with me in the opponents' penalty area trying to score and seconds later he was at the other end trying to cover up a counter-attack or covering one of his own defenders.

Apart from his tremendous stamina his other great asset was an uncanny understanding of where to be when he didn't have the ball. The club reached a peak in the time of Di Stefano and Puskas for they were almost made for each other and yet fitted so easily and naturally into the team as a whole.

Of course the game has changed tremendously since those days and much more thought goes into pre-match planning. Tactics have changed, of course, and clubs are much more conscious of opponents' strengths and spend hours planning to counteract them. Because of this many clubs have adopted a defensive outlook and are content to hold out rather than try to play attacking football and win matches.

Maybe I am wrong but I feel sure that Di Stefano would have found a way through even the best defences. Of course neither he nor Puskas would have found it so easy to score as they did in their heyday, but they would still have been outstanding players and they would have made it clear to everyone that it is still possible to go looking for goals—and get them.

There's been talk for some time about the Spanish authorities opening the frontiers again to foreign players. If they do it's not for me to say whether or not the club will immediately try to sign one or two new stars, but where can you find players like Di Stefano and Puskas? Certainly there are many fine players about and it would definitely make things easier for me if our opponents had to be double wary about Real's other forwards.

But the Real Madrid club was not built on foreign stars and has not stood idly by waiting for the foreign ban to be lifted. Over the years the club has built up an enormous organisation covering the whole of Spain to find the most talented young players. Many of them, about one hundred at a time and perhaps even more sometimes have been brought to Madrid to be coached in the club nursery. It's only a matter of time—and I'm positive that every one of these youngsters longs to be a part of the family that is the Real Madrid C. de F.

VAN HIMST BACK

THE much publicised "no more caps for me, please" request by Van Himst seems likely to have a happy ending following talks with FA officials and finally a discussion between national team boss Raymond Goethals and Paul Van Himst himself. It appears that neither of them meant what they said in Mexico (and after) or were misquoted and a second letter to the FA from Van Himst concludes ... "I will play if chosen" to which Van Himst's Anderlecht clubmate left-winger Wilfried Puis added a PS ... "me too".

At the half-way mark Standard-Liege lead FC Bruges by one point with RSC Anderlecht third and three points behind the leaders. As expected, the FA inflicted their only defeat thus far on Standard, awarding them a 0-5 loss for the game they won at Antwerp two months earlier. But for this blunder Standard's lead would have been increased by two points and still unbeaten their goals tally would have read 39 to six.

The eight FA Cup quarter-finalists include three Division II clubs, Racing Malines, Turnhout and Zottegem, and five First Division teams that include bottom of the table La Gantoise, Anderlecht and Standard, who needed extra time to dispose of Third Division Tongres. Standard had offered to play this game at their Stade de Sclessin instead of at Tongres, but the home side declined and worked like supermen to build a temporary stand and boost their ground capacity to a record 16,000. Four of the eight ties went to extra time and Standard got their goal (1-0) after 114 minutes' play.

The alleged doping of FC Bruges captain Pierre Carteus seems likely to die a natural death. Two men from each side were "tested" by police after the Bruges match v. Waregem, though FA rules contain no mention of dope tests. This is a Government matter left to the discretion (?) of local police and aimed at cyclists rather than footballers.

Christian Piot, goalkeeper of Standard Liege.

Dresden four points clear of Zeiss Jena

DYNAMO DRESDEN, having led all the way, end the first half of the last German campaign four points clear of champions FC Carl Zeiss Jena, who finished their autumn campaign with an exciting 4-4 draw against FC Vorwarts in Berlin. On the same day Dynamo visited Zwizkau, who though lowly placed had previously been beaten only once at home. Indeed, left-winger Brendel gave Sachsenring Zwickau a 20th-minute lead only for Dynamo to equalise before the break and snatch a last-minute winner through Hans-Jurgen Kreische.

Dresden now lead FC Carl Zeiss by four clear points with 1.FC Magdeburg and 1.FC Union Berlin sharing third place six points from the top club. Union incidentally are fresh up from Division II along with 1.FC Lokomotive Leipzig (now sixth) and apparently up to stay.

Scorers' race

For the record-keepers, the first half of the season produced 37 penalties, of which eight were missed through a variety of causes and almost inevitably only 11 were granted to teams who happened to be playing away.

In the scorers' race Kreische still leads with 11 goals, pursued by the FC Carl Zeiss Jena pair Peter Ducke and Eberhard Vogel, who have ten apiece. Only two hat-tricks were recorded in the top flight, however—Klaus Sammer getting all the goals in Dynamo Dresden's 3-0 home win over FC Karl Zeiss Jena and Peter Ducke of Zeiss who took three in his club's 5-1 win over BFC Dynamo Berlin.

The autumn campaign closed with Cup matches between the last 16 survivors in the equivalent of the FA Cup (the FDGB Pokal). Three reserve teams of Division I clubs reached this stage though all were beaten by Division I clubs' first elevens. Somewhat curiously the reserves of FC Karl Marx Stadt reached the last 16, while their first team failed, but after leading Lokomotive Leipzig by 1-0 at the interval they went down 2-1.

The domestic game resumes on March 13 when everyone hopes the apparent improvement in terms of behaviour will be maintained. During the first half of the season only three First Division players were sent off—compared with 11 at the same stage last season.

Football writers reply to smear on their character

NOT long ago, a journalist called Patrick Marnham of the *Daily Telegraph* magazine had some strictures to make on the quality of football reporting; strictures too smug, puerile and silly to deserve the blast of hot air they produced from the Football Writers' Association. They were much more soundly and severely dealt with by my friend and colleague Hugh McIlvanney, in the *Observer*, who produced a classic *tu quoque*. Mr. Marnham, he pointed out, while accusing football journalists of inaccuracy in their reports, had himself described with inept inaccuracy the goal scored by Eddie Kelly in the Fairs Cup Final, second leg, several *months* before!

Mr. Marnham, whose researches appear to have been a trifle on the skimpy side, also wrote in the belief that goals scored away from home would not, in the Fairs Final, count double, so that Arsenal were obliged to win their home leg 3-0, rather than 2-0. He was wrong. "Football," wrote Mr. Marnham, with fine dogmatism, "is almost unique among professional sports in that it is mostly reported, refereed and administered by men who have never practised the game. And the result is that if 60,000 people watch a football match about 500 of them will understand it."

Suppressions

This statement bristles with begged questions, dubious assertions and suppressions of the truth. In the first place, most reporters, referees and administrators have practised the game at one level or another; though presumably Mr. Marnham has omitted the word "professional", which was careless of him. Secondly, it would by no means be unique among professional sports in this respect. Third, he is confusing the analytic with the creative, or practical, faculty. Finally, he casts serious doubt on the seriousness of his intentions by adding, "The man who quite clearly understands least about the game is the referee".

Clearly—to whom? To Mr. Marnham, whose own scant and surface knowledge of football is visible again and again in the course of his article? Certainly not to me, though I do deplore the present quality of refereeing. And how, to enter into the field of semantics, is one to "understand" a game? After many professional matches, one can hear completely divergent views from the players themselves, not to mention their coaches, trainers and managers.

> ***'Particularly callow was the suggestion that a reporter's perception is often spoiled by drink'***

Managers are often notoriously bad analysts of a game which involves their own team as they have so marked and subjective an interest in it. Moreover, when players turn reporter, as McIlvanney pointed out, their performances are often shatteringly inept.

Alcoholic

Particularly callow was Mr. Marnham's suggestion that a football reporter's perception of a match is often spoiled by the strong drink doled out in the Press room. At Highbury, where he was himself engaged in reporting for his article, no one is even offered a drink till after the game, so that unless he arrives in a bibulous condition, he cannot plead an alcoholic haze as his excuse for error.

As Mr. Marnham's own, scarcely forgiveable, errors show, match reporting is no easy business; least of all if, like myself, you are working for a Sunday newspaper, your call time probably just a few minutes after the final whistle. Sometimes, too, one has been engaged in the course of the match in writing a "running" report for the earliest editions of the newspaper.

Television has provided an extra hazard for the match reporter, not because he does not conscientiously do his job, but because the cameras can frequently see things that he cannot. The view from many Press boxes, Arsenal with its posts and pillars among them, is often appalling, but even when it is good, it must be partial. Thus, at Chelsea last season, when the young Scottish goalkeeper Hughes let through five goals against Leeds, it was impossible to see from the Press box that the ball was on one occasion deflected away from him, though a television camera, planted on the other side of the ground, recorded the fact quite clearly.

Covering

A reporter for a Sunday newspaper often has no time to correct his mistakes by talking to the players. At Wembley, which, with its eagle's eyrie of a Press box, is a nightmare to the match reporter, I was able last year to correct certain details in the dressing-room after the Cup Final; but only in time to reach the final edition.

Many years ago, when I was reporting largely Third Division matches for the now defunct *Empire News*, I remember covering a Third Division game at Brighton and Hove Albion. At that time the Brighton club, in what may laughingly be referred to as its wisdom, sited its Press box behind one of the goals! It was a foggy day, and God alone knew what was going on most of the second half at the other end. In the second half, Brighton headed two goals from the inside-right position. I credited both of them to Albert Mundy, the Brighton inside-right; but they had both been scored by Frank Howard, the outside-left. Since the *Empire News* were at that time vainly trying to build up a Southern circulation, it may be said that I unwittingly and unwillingly contributed to their demise.

It was the more ironical in that I had

LOOKING AT SOCCER • BRIAN GLANVILLE •

known of Frank Howard since he was playing for Guildford City, in the Southern League. I should, of course, have checked my scorers, but was dissuaded from doing so that day because the Press box was entirely populated by strangers. I would not make the same mistake today, I hope (though I might well make others), but then Brighton have since had the belated wisdom to move their Press box from its ludicrous situation.

Enough, too much, in fact, of Mr. Marnham and his fatuities. The old saying about stones and glasshouses might not be irrelevant.

Celebrated

New York is again to have a professional soccer club, playing in the North American soccer league. I wish it well but fear for its future, even if it succeeds in acquiring a player as celebrated as Uwe Seeler.

The trouble is, as I have written in these pages often before, that professional soccer cannot succeed in the States without a club in New York, but that to run a club in New York is almost impossible. Madison Square Garden threw up their plump, well nourished hands in despair, after losing money in 1967 on Cerro of Montevideo. The New York Generals, in daily peril of being cashiered, soldiered on for another shaky year, then foundered in their turn.

The trouble is that the ordinary New Yorker is roughly as interested in soccer as a Mancunian in the gridiron game, while those who *are* interested, the alarming ethnic minorities, as ready to riot as to eat, want only to see their own teams. At the time of writing, I understand that Clive Toye, the former *Daily Express* writer who has worked hard and well with Phil Woosnam for the NASL, is to be the general manager. A good choice, and I hope both he and his club succeed. But it is hard, at the present moment, to see how.

Non-league clubs are now, and who can blame them, employing professional lobbyists to put their case for getting into the Football League.

Five or ten years ago, I might have raised a little excitement about the whole affair, but now it seems of the greatest unimportance whether Cambridge United or Bradford Park Avenue plays in the League. I cannot see that, given their geographical position and economic predicament, Cambridge have much to give a competition which is vastly over-swollen as it is; so long as it continues to be ineptly organised on a non-regional basis.

Surely it is time for the League and the FA—which has funked the shamateur question for the last 25 years—to work out a new pattern of zoned football, before the Third and Fourth Division clubs go to the wall? What earthly argument is there against adopting the Italian system, whereby a massive Serie C, or Third Division, is followed by regionalised Promotion and First Division sections? You can then bring in your shamateur clubs as well, abolish the pro-amateur distinctions, and make honest men of them.

Arsenal captain Frank McLintock, with the Fairs Cup won by the London club last season.

NO SURPRISE

To those who were in Mexico for the World Cup, the choice of Albert Shesternev as Russian Footballer of the Year will come as no surprise. In a strangely erratic Russian side, Shesternev played a captain's role—ever cool in a crisis, leadership by example. And although Russia were knocked out in the quarter-finals, 1970 remains Shesternev's year. His club, CSKA Moscow, won the league championship, coming from 3-1 down to beat Moscow Dynamo 4-3 in a dramatic play-off for the title—with Shesternev inspiring the revival. He has now played 81 times for the national side, more often even than Lev Yashin.

RIVER PLATE SHOW NEW STYLE

Carlos Bianchi (left) of Velez Sarsfield, leading National Championship scorer, with another scorer, Rodolfo Fischer of San Lorenzo.

ERIC WEIL reports from ARGENTINA

ARGENTINA could become candidates for the next World Cup, because a former Brazilian World Cup star, Waldir Pereyra "Didi", has started a revolution at the River Plate club—as coach—which could have countrywide implications.

If Argentina didn't realise from their elimination by Peru (for the last World Cup) and the type of game played at Mexico, that their power soccer (played as if it was a war), gamesmanship, previously worked out stereotype moves (with which Racing and Estudiantes were successful in the 1966–9 period and copied by most of the rest), had had their day, it has certainly been brought home by Didi.

Qualifying

As I write, River Plate are still not certain of qualifying for the four-team National Championship play-off and they are not favourites for the title either. They weren't even playing what Didi calls "Jogar bonito" (pretty play), but they have gone a long way towards it.

It wasn't easy. Established professionals wouldn't, or couldn't, accept his style. Gradually he changed the team and brought in youngsters because for this kind of game he needed "happy players and the only happy players I could find were the youngsters". Now he has one of the youngest teams in the First Division, including mostly players who started the season in the third team.

Didi says he didn't come to Argentina to win championships, but to impose a style of soccer, the fundamentals of which are to keep the ball away from the other team by constant passing, rotation, running into position and rhythm. In short—concentration on playing better rather than stopping the opposition.

In spite of producing better soccer, Didi's "revolution" would have failed if immediate results had not been obtained. Didi was lucky in that sense. River Plate managed to stay in leading places all the time and that—achieved with a virtual third team—was good enough for the fans, club directors and other clubs to make an attempt at copying the style.

If Didi's style continues to be successful he will, according to the terms of his contract, be well on the way to becoming a millionaire, Argentine soccer will return to what it was before and—as I said at the start—a power to be reckoned with for the next World Cup.

The national championship has two games to go and the two top clubs from each section in line for a semi-final place are Chacarita Juniors, River Plate, Boca Juniors (the champions) and Rosario Central.

The first and last-mentioned are small clubs and apart from that, it is evident that one can no longer talk about the "big six", one of which (Huracan), even had to play in the relegation play-off. More interest was created as the provincial non-league clubs taking part in the national championship were no longer "push overs" for the league teams, except in very rare cases.

Last month I said that the championship had turned into a bit of a farce as unsettled professional players, clamouring for their wages, turned in erratic performances and occasionally didn't turn out at all (at a few clubs), thus forcing their clubs to fulfil fixtures with third eleven amateurs.

Non-payment

Platense, who suspended their professionals after they had gone on strike for non-payment of wages, had to do this for most of the championship. It almost became more of a farce when the FA decided to take points off River Plate and Talleres (Cordoba) for letting their games be televised without permission.

The two clubs were at fault, but such a sanction would have upset the championship more and might even have decided it. Happily the FA relented, after strong protests, and fined the clubs in question without changing their points total—something which should be left to the players to do on the field at all times.

Speaking Personally

LESLIE VERNON

Resolutions to be adopted in the new year

BRAVO! 1970 was a good year for football. The suicidal over-defensive mania seems to be dying and a fresh spirit of adventure is creeping slowly but unmistakably into the game. The World Cup Finals were magnificent, perhaps the best ever, and the Brazilians once again showed us how the game should be played. We have seen the light, the target can be reached, and here are my own cut-price post-Christmas messages for the new year.

TO THE PLAYERS: Stop cheating! Do not fake injuries, do not act the innocent when you are blatantly guilty. Don't argue with the ref—he might not know better, but he is there to administer justice as he sees it. "Foul" is still the dirtiest four-letter word in football—whether it is a "professional" one or just an ordinary shove in the back. You've been working hard and have improved your skills a great deal during the last few years. Rely on these skills and do not resort to purely physical means. We come to see an artistic exhibition of spectacular football—not a street corner brawl or a display of childish petulance.

TO THE MANAGERS: Weed out the late-tacklers, the cry-babies, the mercenaries whose only allegiance is to their bank balances. Encourage a positive attitude, turn your blackboard upside down and you'll have as many forwards as you used to have defenders. Honour your contracts—after all, if you are sacked, you demand full compensation.

TO THE CLUBS: Stop being selfish—put country before your own petty interests. This policy would benefit you in the long run in any case. The meanest act of 1970 was Leeds' refusal to release Johnny Giles for Eire, because the club had a second-leg Fairs Cup tie on the same day. Leeds had won the first match 6-0, and it seems they feared that without Giles they might lose 7-0 at Prague!

TO THE REFEREES: Forget your little black books—a finger pointing to the dressing-room is a much better deterrent. Accept criticism and do not sulk like kids in a kindergarten. A few weeks ago, I saw the Chelsea v. Newcastle match, when the two linesmen behaved like a couple of demented "lollypop" men on a zebra crossing. They never stopped flagging, turning the game into a farce. Should they and the ref, Mr. Corbett, be allowed to escape criticism?

TO THE UEFA: Turn the new UEFA Cup (the late Fairs Cup) into the great competition it should be. Accept entries only from top-class teams with first-rate facilities, who have genuine interest in the competition. The "penalty-kicks" tie-breaker should be abolished. It obviously favours the home club, which has already played 30 minutes longer at home than away. (Up to now, out of the five penalty-kicks' deciders, four went to the home teams—and only Trnava managed to get through at Marseilles.)

Fall back on the often advocated "corner-kicks in both games" idea, or count the free-kicks with five black marks for a booking and ten for a sent-off player. This system would not need a computer as some of my colleagues have asserted, only a couple of wide-awake linesmen or the help of the usual independent assessor who sits with a note-book in the directors' box.

TO THE FOOTBALL LEAGUE: Get with it, boys! International football, like sex, is here to stay. Might as well accommodate and incorporate it into your fixture list. Persevere with your admirable idea of streamlining the Leagues. Twenty teams per Division is quite enough—so be more militant about it. Put an ultimatum on the table, and tell the club directors that they can like it or lump it—they must accept it! Take off the muzzles from the referees. In our democracy only the Royal Family aren't allowed to answer back. The refs have as much right to speak up for themselves as any other section of the sporting community.

TO THE PRESS: You are doing well, my friends, but you still persist with the habit of putting all the foreigners under one umbrella. If an Argentinian spits at an opponent, you write about "those unspeakable South Americans", if an Italian knocks out the referee at Newcastle, we read about "these temperamental Continentals". Learn to differentiate between the nations abroad and do not condemn, for instance, the Swedes for the sins of a Spaniard. When the over-polite East Germans played at Wembley, nobody said anything about "the scrupulously fair Continentals" or offered a word of praise to the East Germans. Judge the foreign players as you would our own, through the evidence of your eyes, and not by some preconceived medieval prejudice.

TO SIR ALF RAMSEY: Unbend a little. Leave the "no comment" remark to the politicians and trade union officials. Be nicer to the "beasts of Fleet Street" and they will eat out of your hands. Do not prepare for 1974, but for 1972, and then the European Championship will be yours for the asking. Be tough with the selfish club managements. Hit them where it hurts—in the pocket. Uncapped players are not worth quite as much as internationals on the transfer market.

TO THE MAGISTRATES: Punish the soccer hooligans severely. The attendances are falling because many decent teenagers are not allowed by their parents to go to a football match as they fear for their safety. The moronic minority should be taught a lesson they'll never forget. The future of our greatest national pastime is at stake—the problem cannot be exaggerated.

TO THE BBC AND ITV: Your coverage of football improved a great deal during the past year. I'd like to see more "action replays"—not necessarily of goals. Your commentators still tend to lavish superlatives on players and goals indiscriminately. An occasional adverse remark would give a better balance and a truer picture of the proceedings.

Norman Cutler talks to DRAGAN DZAJIC

RED STAR ON THRESHOLD OF TRIUMPH

THIS year could well see a Red Star Belgrade European Cup triumph.

"The inspiring management of Milan Miljanic and the arrival of players like Novkivic, Bogivedic and Keric has revitalised our side. We are playing with great understanding and effectiveness and fear none of the surviving teams ... not even Celtic, Everton or Atletico Madrid."

That's how Dragan Dzajic, Yugoslavia's left-wing genius, put it when he passed through Madrid on a 12-match club tour of South America. He wasn't boasting when he told me this over lunch, just overflowing with faith in his club, manager and colleagues. He sincerely believes Red Star's seventh attempt will end a frustrating dream, and, at long last, the European Cup will finally rest in Belgrade.

Twenty-four years of age, Dzajic began his football career with the juvenile side, Jedinsto Ub. He passed to Red Star Juveniles, turned professional against his parents' wishes, and when 17 made his début in the club's league side. Without trouble he retained his place and that year became the youngest player ever to win a Yugoslavia league championship medal. Three years later he became captain (he still is) and 12 months afterwards was skipper of the national side which beat England 1-0 in the semi-final of the Nations Cup, then lost the final (0-2) to Italy.

Cautious

In seven years he has made 45 appearances for Yugoslavia's national side. A record? "Yes ... for a player in his eighth season in top-class Yugoslav football, but a long way short of the record set up by my countrymen, Vukas and Cjaicowski," Dragan explained.

Yugoslavia and Munich? We talked about the possibilities but he was wary and cautious and summed up the future with "Four years is a long time in present-day football with all its pressures and atmosphere". But when I told him of Sir Stanley Rous's glowing opinion—which he hadn't heard—of the youthful Yugoslav team, he said, "Perhaps it's possible ... perhaps. I hope."

There is little doubt that Dragan Dzajic is one of the greatest players Yugoslavia has ever produced. He is sought after ... honoured ... a national hero ... the Pelé of his country. But as we talked I got the feeling he was a reluctant hero ... accepting the hero worship and rewards, giving his best for club and country, but secretly longing for the day when he hangs up his boots.

I don't mean to imply he is not dedicated to the game he plays so well and which has brought him so much. Far from it. He's a complete professional with lofty standards of self-discipline ... no smoking or drinking, early hours and strict dieting and when on the field putting his heart into playing the best he knows how, earning his rewards and entertaining the public.

Violence

But like other great stars Dzajic is slowly being shattered, mentally and morally, by the increasing violence against players with talent and skill.

"As months go on one finds it increasingly more difficult—at times impossible—to play good football. It's all so frustrating for there's no enjoyment in playing. It's not a game any more, but a brutal battle."

Yugoslavia's famous forward, Dragan Dzajic.

But the rewards? "Yes, the rewards are high ... that is why I stay, to ensure my future ... that and my love of the game. My salary? I'm afraid that is a secret, a condition of my contract. All I can say is that the Players' Council of Red Star decided that I receive double that of my colleagues."

(Reports say Dzajic also receives honorariums from his University and the State.)

We talked of world-famous clubs ... Manchester United, Real Madrid, Benfica ... and the many attempts to lure him from his homeland.

Ambitious

"I read somewhere that Inter Milan wanted to pay a million dollars for my transfer, but I'm sure that was an exaggerated figure. In any case I'm not interested in Inter Milan or any other club. I'm happy and satisfied in my own country. I've always been ambitious to travel and see the world, but I am doing that with Red Star and the international side, so why should I leave my homeland and friends for some strange country? My home and future is in Yugoslavia, nowhere else. During the season I train each morning ... in the afternoon and evening I'm at the University building and consolidating my career as an engineer and teacher."

And the widespread opinion that Dragan Dzajic is the finest outside-left in the world? "No ... no ... not me, but thank you for the compliment. I am what I am. I shall never be as good a player as Gento, Best, Riva or Jairzinho," he said.

(That's Dragan's modesty. Others think differently.)

Great player that he is ... reluctant as he is to appear the slightest big-headed (I hope I've not given that impression), I think the only thing that keeps Dragan Dzajic in football, in view of what was left unsaid, is the promising future of the Yugoslav national side and the part he could play in helping his homeland to win the World Cup in 1974.

Ole Forsing (centre, black shorts) scores the goal which decided the championship.

ONE GOAL DECIDES

ARNE JENSEN in Denmark

THE Danish champions of 1969, B1903 Copenhagen, have done it again. They are the Danish champions of 1970. But they had to fight hard for the championship. One goal decided the whole affair.

On the last day of the tournament three clubs were still in with a chance of winning the first division: B1903, who played Aalborg at home; AB, who played B1901 away; and Hvidovre, who played Vejle away. A victory for Hvidovre would have ensured them the title.

Hvidovre had never beaten Vejle before and they lost again 3-1. AB thought they were out of the running and had settled for a bronze medal. They played without nerves and beat B1901 5-0. They did not know when they were hailed as the champions after the match that one more goal would have brought them the title.

Computer

B1903 beat Aalborg 3-2 after being 1-2 down and due to an error AB got the champagne and the championship. But five minutes later a computer had settled the matter. B1903 were the champions once again.

Ole Forsing, centre-forward of B1903, played the leading role that led to the championship. He first missed a penalty when B1903 were 2-1 down. But later he scored the winning goal with a disputed header minutes from time. Had the ball crossed the line (see picture)? The referee said yes. The goal was much like the one that England scored against West Germany in the World Cup Final in 1966.

When B1903 won the championship last year they lost three of their international players who were transferred to foreign clubs. This year they have already lost two. Poul Aabling has been transferred to Switzerland and two other players (international half-back Torben Nielsen, and inside-forward Benny Johansen) have received offers from foreign clubs. Before the last matches of the season, international inside-forward Jan Andersen was transferred to a French club.

B1903's youth team won the Danish championship as well so there are enough players to take their places. But how long can B1903 afford to sell their best players?

In the Danish Cup tournament B1903 have reached the semi-finals so they were undoubtedly team of the year. The results of the quarter-finals: B1903—Silkeborg 4-1 (after extra time), Köge—Holbaek 5-4 (after extra time), B1913—Frem 0-3, B1901—B1909 3-4. The semi-finals will be played next April.

Relegated from Division I: B1913 and Horsens. Promoted from Division II: B1909 and Köge. Relegated from Division II: Fremad Amager and Vanlöse. Promoted from Division III: Silkeborg and Slagelse.

Cruyff back to top form

THE Dutch first division enjoyed a Christmas recess for the first time in 1970 with ADO leading the table by a point from Feyenoord. Three clubs, Ajax, Sparta of Rotterdam and FC Twente, tied for third place with 24 points, one adrift of Feyenoord.

In front of a 67,000 crowd, Feyenoord managed a draw with Ajax, who opened the scoring through international Nico Rijnders. Austrian international Franz Hasil equalised for Feyenoord but referee Van der Kroft disallowed two goals by man-of-the-match Johan Cruyff.

The discussions about the two offside goals continued for days but a 1-1 draw was a fair result. In the second half Ajax replaced Swart with the newly-signed Horst Blankenburg (formerly with 1860 Munich).

Blankenburg did a good job and will soon replace Velibor Vasovic, who will return to Yugoslavia by the end of the current season.

Celtic manager Jock Stein was in Rotterdam to watch the game (his club meet Ajax in the European Cup in March) and he told the Dutch press that he had seen a good game, a strong Ajax defence and a tremendous performance from Cruyff.

Nico Rijnders of Feyenoord.

Financial

Feyenoord have signed a new player ... the bearded young Hans Postumus from third division club Wageningen. Postumus was top scorer in the third division last season but had not played this term because of a financial dispute with Wageningen.

Feyenoord moved in with a bid and secured the services of a player who, although promising, is currently a little overweight.

Competition

Holland still has three teams in European competition. Ajax play Celtic, PSV Eindhoven meet Vorwarts and FC Twente are still in the Fairs Cup.

Twente beat Dynamo Zagreb in the last round although it required a disputed penalty to secure their passage.

Dynamo coach Cajkovski was furious after the second leg. He told me that although a Dynamo player undoubtedly handled the ball it was unintentional and should have gone unpunished.

★ **HANS MOLENAAR**

CZECH OFFICIALS FINED AND BANNED

THREE officials of the Czechoslovak national team have been suspended and heavily fined for signing commercial contracts with foreign sports firms, the Ceteka News Agency reports from Prague.

The penalties were handed down at the end of a two-day meeting of the Presidium of the Czechoslovak Football Union called to analyse the causes of the national side's failure in the 1970 World Cup finals.

Former coach Jan Marko was banned from all activities connected with the team until the end of 1975 and conditionally banned from coaching until the end of 1973. He was also fined 10,000 crowns (about £300).

Former assistant coach Jan Hucko was conditionally suspended from team activities until the end of 1973 and from divisional teams unto the end of this year. He was fined 1,000 crowns (about £30).

Former team doctor Cestmir Napravnik was banned from the national team and conditionally banned from divisional teams.

Twenty-four national players formerly banned from team activities until the end of the year had their penalties lessened to conditional terms, but 14 were also fined 1,000 crowns for "infringement of discipline while in Mexico for the World Cup championship".

The Presidium decreed: "The coaches and players of the Czechoslovak national team are forthwith prohibited from entering into any contract with representatives of foreign firms."

All football equipment purchases in future will be made by the Football Union.

Sports sources said in Prague that the decision and the penalties are a result of contracts being signed between the national team and two West German sports equipment companies. The contracts apparently were not upheld and at least one of the firms is suing the team for breach of contract.

SENSATIONAL

NEW INNOVATION IN FOOTBALL BOOTS

SUPER—(1) The world's only football boots which are guaranteed to increase your power in shots, accuracy in passing, shooting and scoring performance instantly, or your money fully refunded

A must for every footballer to increase his football skill

Two newly invented features

(1) Ball Master guarantees to increase your football skill

(2) Stretchable tongue for extra comfort eliminates lacing problem

Every pair of SUPER—(1) Football Boots has cushion support and is made from finest quality materials.
RECOMMENDED RETAIL PRICE £9 15s. 0d.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY PRICE £6 10 0 A PAIR

Available through mail order only. Sizes 4—12, free post and packing. Order of 15 pairs or more additional discount of 10/- per pair. For outside U.K. add £1 extra per order.

Send your order now for fast delivery to MARTIN'S SPORTS, 30 Baker Street London W.1.

Screw-in Studs.....pairs—Sizes ..... Moulded-Multi Studs .....pairs

I enclose cheque/postal order £..... Sizes .....

Name .....

Address .....

.....

(BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE) W.S.

SUPER—(1) Football boot is an exclusive invention and is protected with British and Foreign PATENTS.
Reproduction in whole or in part is prohibited.

© 1969-70 by J. B. Martin copyright design under International, Universal and Pan-American Act, All rights reserved, unauthorised reproduction in any form whole or in part is prohibited, Invented and designed by J. B. Martin.

POLES REMAIN A PUZZLE....

POLAND remain the big enigma of European soccer. In the past three years the national side has frequently hit the headlines with such — at this level — unusual scores as 8-0 against Turkey, 6-1 at home and away (!) over Norway, 8-1 (h.) and 5-1 (a.) v. Luxembourg.

They began the 1969–70 season with six wins and a draw with Russia in Moscow (0-0). Their victims then included Norway, Holland, East Germany, Luxembourg, Bulgaria and mighty Russia in Moscow by 2-0! Recently, however, this unpredictable team, after beating Denmark 5-0, slumped only four days later by the same score to East Germany. The Poles recovered quickly and have since defeated Eire (2-0), Albania (3-0) whilst drawing with Czechoslovakia in Prague (2-2).

There must, inevitably, remain question-marks against their resilience—for want of a better explanation of this inconsistency. Polish clubs on the other hand have done remarkably well in the most recent European Cup competitions. Last season Górnik Zabrze became the first ever Polish side to reach a European final (Cup Winners Cup). At the same time Legia Warsaw fought their way into the semi-finals of the Champions Cup, losing only to the eventual winners, Feyenoord. In the current campaign both these clubs are already in the quarter-finals —Górnik opposing Manchester City, their conquerors in the Vienna final last April, while Legia, again in the Champions Cup, are due to meet Atletico Madrid of Spain.

Traditions

Unlike Górnik, the WKS (Wojskowy Klub Sportowy—Army Sports Club) Legia have long pre-war traditions. They may not be known to the vast British public, but by way of recommendation it is worth noting that in the first round last season they knocked out the Rumanian champions UT Arad by 8-0 (!) at home and 2-1 away. Arad, remember, put out the holders and world club champions Feyenoord in the very first round this season! This term Legia accounted for the Swedish side IFK Goteborg on a 6-1 aggregate and then dismissed the tough Belgian outfit Standard Liege on an overall score of 2-1.

Legia's strength lies in all-round teamwork and is based on midfield control where the ball-artist Deyna (21) and the powerful Bernard Blaut (30) provide the perfect link between defence and attack. Here Legia operate with two orthodox wingers — Zmijewski and Gadocha are fast, skilful and accurate from any angle. They miss, however, the promptings of one of the greatest schemers this country has produced, the tiny Lucjan Brychczy, who after gaining around 50 caps has apparently decided to retire.

At the back, too, the Polish champions had to overcome the loss of their veteran international Jacek Gmoch, but hope to offset this through the combined talents of the central defenders Zygmunt and Niedziolka. In goal they have the giant Wladyslaw Grotynski (25), who is also a useful ice-hockey player and a discus thrower!

Wlodzimierz Lubanski, one of Europe's most prolific goalscorers.

Team manager is their former international star Edmund Zientara, who took over from the famous Czech coach Jaroslav Vejvoda and who can be well pleased with the team's recent form. At the half-way stage and the winter break, Legia once again headed the table of the 14-team First Division, four points clear of Ruch Chorzów and having won ten, drawn twice and lost only one game with the goal record of 28-9.

Górnik, of course, are no strangers to these islands. They have more experience of European Cup-ties than any other Polish team and have figured in some dramatic clashes against both Manchester clubs, losing by the narrow aggregate of 1-2 to United, in the quarter-finals of the 1968 Champions Cup, and by the same score to City, in last year's CWC Final. Earlier Górnik eliminated Glasgow Rangers 6-2, winning each leg 3-1. In the present tournament the Polish cup-holders disposed of Aalborg (Denmark) by 9-1 and Goeztepe (Turkey) by 4-0.

Replaced

In the league they occupy third place, six points behind Legia and two below their neighbours Ruch Chorzów, with this record: P 13, W 6, D 4, L 3, F 18, A 14. Górnik owe their rise to prominence mostly to that fine Hungarian coach Dr. Geza Kalocsai, who returned home a year ago and was replaced temporarily by a former Polish international forward, Michal Matyas.

At the start of this season, another Hungarian took charge: 47-year-old Ferenc Szusza, one-time star of Ujpest Dozsa, who is relying so far on established performers. These include the redoubtable Wlodzimierz Lubanski (23), one of the most prolific goal-getters in Europe. Unfortunately the other forwards lack similar striking power and too much is expected of Lubanski, often the lone forager, and without the support his brilliance deserves.

In midfield, Zygfryd Szoltysik (28), Alfred Olek (30) and Aloyzy Deja (22) form an experienced axis, whilst the defence is still marshalled by the veteran international stopper Stanislaw Oslizlo (33). Górnik have problems in goal where Hubert Kostka (30), a mining engineer with a master's degree, has been rather erratic recently, while his deputy Jan Gomola (29), is also lacking consistency. Nonetheless, the team has class and will test Manchester City in a two-legged tie.

ARTHUR ROTMIL

Toronto and New York join in

from COLIN JOSE

Phil Woosnam with officials of the North American Soccer League.

ON December 10 the North American Soccer League made its biggest breakthrough since its near collapse in 1968, when it added the key cities of Toronto and New York to its list of members.

Both cities had clubs in the NASL in 1968 but withdrew after incurring considerable financial losses. Now two completely new groups have been formed and admitted to membership.

The addition of the two new clubs brings the total membership to eight, the highest it has been since the 17-team coast to coast league of 1968, and if negotiations now in progress are fruitful the NASL could well be operating with a ten-team league in the 1971 season.

In announcing the two new franchises the league's executive director, Phil Woosnam, said: "We look upon this as the breakthrough for the League and for soccer in general. The stability of the League is now firmly established and the addition of such great soccer centres as New York and Toronto is further indication of the progress the game has made at all levels throughout North America in the past two years. Coupled with that enormous growth, our expansion is the concrete sign of the recovery the North American Soccer League has made after its setbacks in 1968. We now look forward to the steady development of the game which we believe will justify the 1986 World Cup Finals being played right here."

The New York club, which will play its games in Yankee Stadium, is owned by a group of New York businessmen headed by Nesuhi Ertegun, the executive vice-president of Atlantic Recording Corporation. Other principal owners are Steven Ross, a former American football player with the Cleveland Browns, Ahmet Ertegun and Alan Cohen. Both Mr. Ross and Mr. Cohen are officers of Kinney National Service Ltd., a company which manufactures sports toys.

There have been unconfirmed reports that the New York club hopes to sign the famous West German international Uwe Seeler and that the signing is imminent. Clive Toye, presently the director of information for the League, will become general manager of the new club.

A little under one month before the awarding of a franchise to the Toronto group Prosoccer Ltd., the president, Mr. John Fisher, called a meeting of all those interested in soccer in the Toronto area with the idea of outlining the group's plans and objectives, and to ask for the co-operation of the soccer community in this venture.

Opposition

During the question period lawyer Bruce Thomas had spoken for Prosoccer Ltd., and Phil Woosnam for the NASL, some clubs voiced immediate opposition to the idea. A spokesman for Toronto White Eagles stated that "the Toronto Falcons (NASL) members in 1968) set soccer back 20 years in the Toronto area and another professional club was not welcome".

Another group of clubs indicated that they will be forming a separate professional league in Toronto this year and that they would be seeking the approval of the Ontario Soccer Association the following day. This group, given approval, would operate in direct opposition to the new pro club and "would fight them every inch of the way". At the time of writing, this group has not yet received approval from the OSA.

GRASSHOPPERS LEAD BASLE

IN Switzerland, Grasshoppers lead, a point clear of title-holders Basle, with Lugano a further point away in third place. At the bottom are hapless Bellinzona, already three points behind Fribourg who are a point below Lucerne and Biel. The programme has now been suspended as usual for three months and will be resumed on February 28, with the Cup quarter-finals and the following pairings: Mendrisiostar v. Basle; Lugano v. Grasshoppers; Zürich v. Servette and Breite (Basle) v. Lausanne.

Mendrisiostar are a Second Division club who knocked out Biel 2-1, but the real giant-killers have proved to be Breite from Basle who play in the central group of the so-called 1.Liga and who beat Sion on their own ground (!) 1-0. Breite are the first club from this regional Division to reach the Cup quarter-finals since 1964-65

SPAIN LAUGHS AT THE 'GOALKEEPER AFFAIR'

REAL'S BLUNDER

"THE Case of the Pushed Around Goalkeeper" might well have been written by Agatha Christie, Hitchcock or Earle Stanley Gardner ... or it could have been a comic opera. Drama or farce it is the most incredible piece of bungling in the history of the usually slick and efficient Real Madrid. The great club was made to look utterly stupid, so much so that the whole affair was rapidly and cleverly hushed up.

The injury to Miguel Angel put Real really on the spot. For the third time in 18 months they had four goalkeepers on the injured list. To fulfil their League commitments they had to find, and sign, another 'keeper within 48 hours.

Manager Miguel Munoz knew the man he wanted ... Valencia's 33-year-old Jose Pesudo, kept out of the League side by the season's revelation, Abelardo ... and urgently suggested to the Madrid Board that an attempt be made to secure his transfer.

Consulted

General manager, D. Antonio Calderon, pushed his pride on one side and telephoned his counterpart in Valencia, D. Vicente Peris, with a pleading SOS appeal. The Valencia president (D. Julio de Miguel) was consulted and immediately agreed to help the stricken, and certainly very worried, Madrid club.

It was promptly announced that Valencia were willing to cede Pesudo to Real for the rest of the season without conditions or transfer fee of any kind. "We are honoured that a great club turned to us when in trouble. We are glad to help our closest friends," said Vicente Peris.

That same evening, after a VIP farewell at the station, Jose Pesudo—sorry to be leaving Valencia, but thrilled at joining Real—left on the night sleeper for the capital and next morning reported at Estadio Santiago Bernabeu.

He passed the normal medical examination and was X-rayed ... and during the morning training session underwent the severest of playing tests. Miguel Munoz was delighted. "He's in perfect physical shape and in great form. I'm satisfied that he will solve our problem." Press and TV observers were equally impressed.

In 24 hours—midday to midday—the whole transaction had been completed. Everyone was satisfied, the only note of discord coming from one press report that introduced a mystery by asking: "Have Real four injured goalkeepers, or has Miguel Munoz lost confidence in them?"

Jose Pesudo, goalkeeper of Valencia.

Next morning (Saturday) came the sensation of the season! Real Madrid dramatically announced that Pesudo's transfer would NOT be presented for ratification. Why? The medical examination had revealed an old injury in Pesudo's left shoulder and "for this reason the club are withdrawing his incorporation. Real Madrid wishes to express their gratitude to Valencia's president for the facilities and help given over the transfer of this player."

The remarkable and sudden turnabout, when everyone was so satisfied, and the implication many read into the announcement (that Valencia were pulling a fast one) caused an uproar, to say the least. Four-inch headlines ... TV and radio tirades against Real Madrid ... in fact all hell was let loose.

The indignation in Valencia was extraordinary. They were literally staggered. President, club and fans just could not believe the turn of events ... especially the manner in which Real Madrid revealed their change of heart. It just didn't make sense ... it sounded like a hoax ... a comic opera.

Diplomacy

It could have caused a first-class breach and conflict between the two clubs, but Valencia, noted for calmness and diplomacy, withheld all immediate comment.

Disillusioned and shattered, Jose Pesudo sadly returned to Valencia by the midday Saturday plane. Valencia directors were sympathetically waiting at the airport and within an hour of landing the goalkeeper was being examined by two of Spain's most respected surgeons, Dr. Jose Rivas and Dr. Vicente Rodrique Cortes. Their findings were even more sensational than Real Madrid's for they inflicted upon Real's prestige the heaviest of blows ... revealing great weaknesses in their medical administration ... and placing the club in a most invidious position. The country simply laughed and laughed and laughed.

In layman's terms the new medical report said: "... *Jose Pesudo has an abnormal bone formation in his left shoulder ... this ANOMALY HAS BEEN PRESENT SINCE BIRTH*

Report by NORMAN CUTLER

and was correctly diagnosed when he first joined Valencia in 1955 (when 18) . . . it has no medical significance and can have no effects upon his sporting activities and can neither impede the practising of his profession or prevent him from rendering with normality. . . ."

Supporting the medical report was the undisputed facts of Pesudo's career. He joined Valencia in 1955, played four years in the affiliated side, Mestalla, before, returning to Valencia (league side) in 1959. Two years later he was transferred to Barcelona for a five-figure fee, sharing with Sadurni the league side position, gaining international caps against France and Morocco and in 1963 a Cup-winners medal. In 1965 he was elected "Goalkeeper of the Year".

Pesudo returned to Valencia in 1966 and became their regular 'keeper. Last season he played in 35 games and took part in 253 training sessions . . . and although he lost his place to Abelardo at the beginning of the present campaign he has played in Fairs Cup matches and 80 training games.

Repercussions

It is doubtful whether the affair will have any deeper repercussions, but in Valencia (not the club) there is bitter talk of moral damage to club and player. Damage to their integrity and slight to their helping hand and friendship . . . and the effect it may well have on the player's morale, form and pride.

That may be true but it is nothing compared to the damage Real Madrid have inflicted upon themselves.

Since the beginning of last season, when the great injury plague descended upon Real (they still have one player injured in each match) the whole country have sympathised with them over their atrocious luck. Four goalkeepers . . . six defenders . . . two half-backs . . . five forwards . . . all injured during the past season.

Overnight all that has changed. The question now being asked is . . . Could those injuries have been avoided? Is the slow recuperation of so many players due to a possible weakness in the medical department?

Curious note. Who played in goal for Real Madrid when Pesudo was rejected? Antonio Betancort, one of the four *injured* goalkeepers!!!

Gerd Müller, playing for West Germany against England in the 1970 World Cup finals.

POLL SUCCESS FOR MÜLLER

GERD MÜLLER, leading goalscorer in the 1970 World Cup finals, has been named winner of the Golden Ball award as European Footballer of the Year by the French magazine *France Football.*

Second in the poll was Bobby Moore. Müller scored 77 points to top the voting by football writers from 26 countries. Moore, of West Ham United, was eight points behind.

Third was Italian forward Luigi Riva of Cagliari (65 points), while West German players filled fourth and fifth places . . . Franz Beckenbauer of Bayern Munich (32) and Wolfgang Overath of FC Cologne (29).

Previous winners of the award, now in its 15th year, include Italy's Gianni Rivera, George Best, Bobby Charlton, Denis Law and Eusebio.

PRESERVE COPIES OF WORLD SOCCER

A luxury self-binder to house one year's issues of World Soccer

COVERED IN HARDWEARING LEATHERCLOTH. TITLE IN BLOCK GOLD LETTERS.

PRICE 90p
(includes postage and packing)

Each copy can be inserted or removed easily in seconds without soiling or tearing.

PRESERVE YOUR COPIES: Send for your binders now to:

Binders Dept., WORLD SOCCER, 79 Temple Chambers, London, E.C.4
enclosing 90p, for each binder required (by cheque or crossed P.O.'s).

Professionalism is introduced at last

BRAVO! The Hungarians have at last introduced a form of open, aboveboard, organised professionalism. Of course, for ideological reasons, they cannot label the new system as such, but a rose by any other name....

This important change has been brought about by a commendable list of reforms proposed by the MTS (the Hungarian Ministry for Sport) which will automatically be adopted by the FA. These are the most important resolutions.

1. If a club wishes to sign a player from another club which is in a lower division, and the player is under 23 and has been with his present club for at least two years, compensation for expenses incurred on his development may be claimed. (In fact, a limited transfer-system has been introduced. Talented youngsters will be "sold" to Division I outfits, and therefore, the best players will gravitate towards the top division.)

Up to now, transfer fees were illegal, consequently the small provincial clubs had no reason for letting their most promising youngsters go. If a boy was really determined to make the "big-time", he had to "sit-out" a year before he was allowed to play for his new club. A 12 months' lay-off at an early stage of a player's career often meant a complete loss of form and confidence.

Obligations

2. Contracts have to be drawn up between clubs and their players. These should deal with all the relevant points, such as the players' obligations to their clubs. The monetary rewards due to them for their basic work and for results obtained. Differential payments will be made to players according to their length of service to the club, their performances, their disciplinary record, etc.

This subject used to come under the heading of the status of the players. Now, the seemingly unsolvable problem has been solved. A CONTRACT will be signed. A document which is very similar to that of the one put in front of a Football League player in England. The terminology might be slightly different and confusing, but the message is crystal clear; sign the dotted line and you are a pro! I am pleased that at last the slate has been wiped clean, and in the long run, this MUST BE IN THE BEST INTEREST OF HUNGARIAN FOOTBALL.

3. The authority is in favour of the manager-plus-coach tandem system, but this is only a recommendation, not a compulsory legislation. On the other hand, a new form of contract has to be worked out between the FA, the coaches' association and the clubs.

From now on, coaches must pass examinations and obtain diplomas before they are allowed to handle Division I and Division II teams, but they will be assured a greater security in their jobs. (Previously, coaching jobs were given to recently retired ex-players, who did not attend courses. Without any qualifications in subjects like psychotherapy and psychology, they had very little chance of success. The annual musical chairs game enforced on coaches might now come to an end. The more experienced ones with longer contracts and money to buy young talent should establish greater stability.)

Hungarian News by LESLIE VERNON

I applaud the MTS for their courageous attempt to put Hungarian football on the right track. Now it is up to the coaches to use their knowledge and power, but, of course, it still all depends on the players. From now on they will know exactly how much they will be getting if they toe the line, and what will happen if they don't. So 1971 might be the year when the Magyars begin their long climb back to the top.

Announced

In the meantime, one has to assess the past year in terms of results, trends and realities. The national eleven didn't disappoint me. Jozsef Hoffer, team manager, announced his "manifesto" squarely and fairly when he took office, and kept his word to the letter.

In seven full-internationals, he used 25 players from 11 clubs, and 13 of these footballers received their first caps during the year. Pre-Hoffer, the national team was a "closed shop" with places specially reserved for players attached to the big clubs of the capital, but now the door is wide open—surely a great encouragement and incentive all-round.

The nightmare of "Marseille" and its breast-beating aftermath acted as a catalyst, and by next season, the benefits should be more evident.

It is more difficult to find praise for the autumn half of the League campaign. On the positive side, one can only mention the disappearance of the "pre-arranged" results, the "old-pals act" (called "bunda" in Hungarian) wasn't in operation.

MTK made rapid strides towards re-establishing themselves, and the refereeing was more in keeping with modern requirements. "Physical football" has been permitted, although several refs found it difficult to distinguish between the dirty and the tough. But this is a universal problem which could be called "the uniformity of misinterpretation".

Declining

In the debit column, one has to enter the sadly declining attendance figures. Since 1964, when the average figure was 13,259 per match in the First Division, the crowds have shrunk to a mere average of 7,933 this autumn. The standard of football, generally speaking, was only mediocre, due mainly to lack of stamina. Patches of brilliance were followed by long periods of boredom in most games, even those which involved Ujpesti Dozsa.

They were miles ahead of the rest, and apart from a bad spell following their Champions' Cup exit, dominated the League. Bene scored 16 goals, and is poised to grab the top-scorer's crown for the third time in his career, despite the fact that he did not play quite so well as in previous years.

Fazekas, on the other hand, has blossomed out, and is now the heir apparent for the No. 1 star spot in Hungarian football. Goroes is recovering from a broken-leg injury, and at his age (31), there must be a question-mark concerning his future. Szentmihalyi (31) and Solymosi (30) are also on the way out, although it is premature to talk about retirement.

Ferencvaros are slowly recovering from the traumatic experiences of the last couple of years, and should be one of the clubs to reap great benefits from the "new deal". These two teams both made short tours of South America before Christmas. Ferencvaros won two, drew three, and lost one match (against Nacional at Montevideo, 4-5!). Dozsa won three times and lost twice. Not much to get excited about, but there are 32 footballers in Budapest who went to New Year's Eve parties with a genuine suntan....

PHILIP EVANS reports

Milan scored a 1-0 win over Napoli in Naples to take them to the head of the First Division. Picture shows Sormani (right) of Naples and Milan's World Cup defender Rosato.

CROWD RIOT AT NAPLES

BEFORE Milan met Napoli it was assumed that the game would be the most important in the present Italian championship—such is the way of much football reporting in Italy, aimed as ever at rousing emotion and promoting hysteria. That game, in its own disgraceful way, has come and gone to the accompaniment of a record gate, massively irresponsible behaviour on the part of the crowd, a victory by Milan that was later confirmed and augmented by the League as penalty against the Neapolitan club, fines all round, and an aftermath of inconclusive evidence as far as the title is concerned. Hardly surprising.

Milan won the game, the goal scored by Prati. Since the League has now awarded the result to the northern club 2-0 Prati's goal has been disallowed, much to his chagrin. He is among the leading scorers of the season and that one goal could yet become a focus for further discussion as the end of the season approaches.

It was a good victory for Milan in material and psychological terms. They had already beaten some highly esteemed clubs away from home (Fiorentina 5-2, Juventus 2-0) and the Napoli game put another feather in the cap. As for the Neapolitan fans, they drove in their thousands across country to Bari the following Sunday, forced to watch their heroes play on a neutral ground as a result of their antics in the Milan game.

Confiscated

They produced a mini-rerun of their, by then, famous antics. Thousands of rockets and fireworks were confiscated by the police, the Naples club was forced yet again to pay large fines. I suspect we have yet to hear the last of manic crowd behaviour in the Naples region, and no sane man would wager against the club finishing top of the list of those clubs who have had to pay fines when the end of the season comes round.

The tendency to focus attention on one or two games will be shown up again as the season progresses. The latest candidate will inevitably be the second derby game between Milan and Inter, the first won definitively by the former at the height of their form. Inter have now won five games in a row, three at home, two away. The clubs have been those of modest accomplishment —Vicenza, Catania, Sampdoria, Varese—but many a good team has lost important points to such minnows.

The fifth of these victories was secured against Juventus at San Siro, a game played in fog on a pitch laden with snow and ice. The Inter players kept their heads as well as their feet, played slowly and methodically, and with Corso on fine form, gave their young opposition an object lesson in the method of playing the game in impossible conditions.

Boninsegna has now recovered from injury and is scoring goals with pleasing regularity. Jair and Bedin are playing with the sort of assurance that emphatically underlines the idiocy of leaving them out of the team at the beginning of the season. Sampdoria — more especially Suarez — hoped to put an end to the run of success. But young Fabbian took the old man out of the game, and without Suarez Samp have to scratch around pretty hard to come up with any fresh ideas. I hope Fabbian will be used automatically in future, not merely as a technical reserve. He's a fine player, only 20.

Veteran retainer

Fiorentina are gradually dragging themselves away from the nether regions. As last season, so this—Superchi has been dropped (possibly only for a few games) in favour of the veteran retainer, Bandoni. Superchi is very comparable with an English goalkeeper who has played for England in the last few years—eminently capable of the glorious, match-saving move; eminently capable, also, of the pitiful error of judgement. But Fiorentina have been nagged by injuries to key players—Esposito, Merlo, Chiarugi—through the season, which cannot have helped their confidence for all the wrangles off the field.

"This is the Juve I want to see," cried Picchi after his boys had beaten Lazio. He will have to defeat better teams than Lazio if he is to heal the bruises inflicted at the start of the season. The game Picchi would like to play—that of planning for the long-term success—doesn't exist in Italy where immediate results are the constant aim. I hope he isn't sacrificed on such altars, and further progress in the Fairs Cup would be no bad thing. Haller is on good form, Anastasi still waiting for the spark of luck or touch that makes him such a good striker when on form.

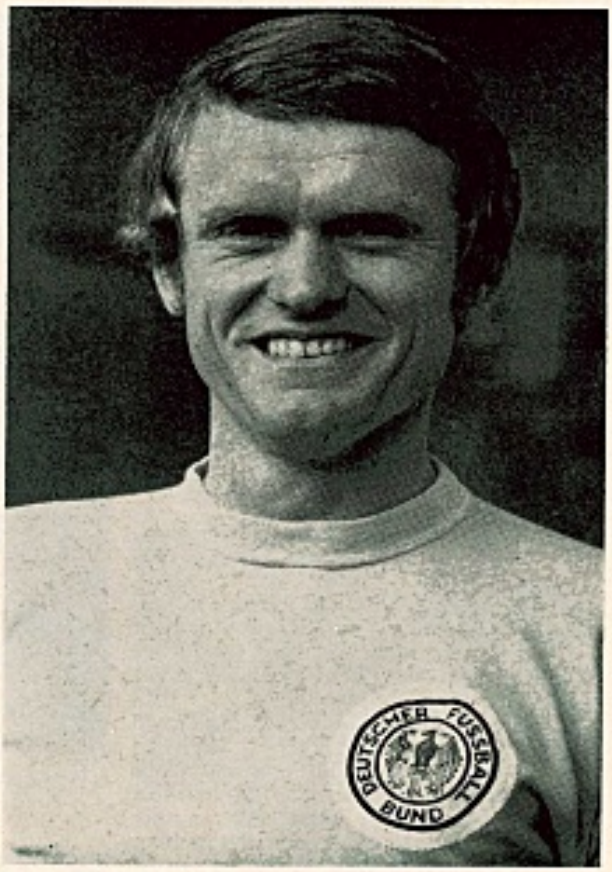
Cagliari, it seems, can do no more than watch and pray. Riva should be back with them at the beginning of February and with him the Sardinian team can be expected to give Napoli and the Milanese clubs a run for their money. Cagliari have succeeded in fighting a holding action, picking up points each Sunday, staying within sniffing distance of the leaders in the hope that everything will come good for them in the spring. They could help to keep the championship alive until the last two weekends of the season, even if they have yet to inspire in the way that Milan have done.

At the bottom, Vicenza have won a couple of games, thereby doubling their tally of points for the season. Catania, Lazio, Verona, Varese, Sampdoria—these are all there.

'Half-way' title goes to Bayern

BAYERN MUNICH have clinched the unofficial title of "Herbstmeister" (autumn champions). At the half-way stage the pride of Bavaria—called Bayern in German—held a one-point lead over the title-holders Borussia Mönchen-Gladbach. If tradition is followed, then Bayern should repeat their 1969 success and win the crown, for in seven years of the National League's existence the half-time leaders have always followed up by clinching the championship.

In addition, Bayern could break the custom of different "Meisters" every year and become the first club to win the *Bundesliga* twice. West Germany's previous league champs were: Cologne (1964), Werder Bremen (1965), 1860 Munich (1966), Eintracht Brunswick (1967), Nürnberg (1968), Bayern (1969) and Borussia Mönchen-Gladbach (1970).



Sepp Maier, goalkeeper of West Germany and Bayern Munich.

Bayern's manager, Udo Lattek (36), the former assistant to national boss Helmut Schön, who took over the club last March, can be well satisfied with recent performances which also confirm that the rebuilding programme at the start of the current campaign has contributed to the all-round efficiency of this maturing team.

World Cup goalkeeper Sepp (a diminutive for Josef in German) Maier, and *libero* Franz Beckenbauer remain the pillars in defence, ably supported by the Austrian Peter Pumm and the Dane Jonny Hansen, as well as Georg Schwarzenbeck.

Overcome

In attack the departures of Ohlhauser and Starek seem to have been overcome, thanks to fine displays by Karl-Heinz Mrosko (24) and Edgar Schneider (21), plus the amateur Ulli Hoeness who is only 19.

Dieter Brenninger is, of course, one of the old guard, while Gerd Müller may be scoring less frequently than usual, but no matter, since midfield star Franz Roth is hitting the target instead and is well amongst the leading goal-getters in the League. Müller proved how dangerous he is when he notched a hat-trick in Bayern's 3-1 Fairs Cup win over Sparta at Rotterdam.

Bayern are Germany's most renowned Cup-fighting side, having won the European Cup Winners Cup in 1967 and the German Cup three times in the last four years (1966, 1967 and 1969 the year of their "double"). This season they are doing well in the Fairs Cup and have already dismissed Glasgow Rangers (2-1 aggregate), Coventry City (7-3) and Sparta Rotterdam (5-2) to reach the quarter-finals, together with another German side, Cologne. Bayern's popularity was emphasised by the 38,000 crowd which turned out at Brunswick where Eintracht didn't draw such gates even during their European Cup battles three years ago.

But attendances generally have slumped quite alarmingly in the first half of this term. A year ago the average gate at this stage was 22,838, an improvement on the previous season when the figure was 21,373. Now the average has dropped to 20,791, the lowest since the foundation of the *Bundesliga*, as shown by this table:

Half-season	gates	games	average
1963	3,409,906	120	28,416
1964	3,337,411	120	29,479
1965	3,964,215	153	25,909
1966	3,740,428	153	24,449
1967	3,710,307	153	24,250
1968	3,270,102	153	21,373
1969	3,471,393	153	22,838
1970	3,118,131	153	20,791

The biggest crowds flocked to see Hertha in Berlin's Olympic stadium: 429,750 for an average of 53,719 per match, one of the best figures in European football. No wonder receipts from their first eight home games totalled £250,000!

In the six matches which attracted over 50,000 fans Hertha are listed five times: v. Cologne 86,583; v. Borussia MG 73,496; v. Rot-weiss Oberhausen 63,619; v. Eintracht Brunswick 61,179; and v. Kaiserslautern 56,254. Next best was VfB Stuttgart v. Bayern with 55,665. But 13 games didn't even raise 10,000 spectators: Frankfurt v. Bremen 5,685; Frankfurt v. Duisburg 5,823; Oberhausen v. Offenbach 6,251; and Dortmund v. Duisburg 6,636, to mention only the lowest gates.

ARTHUR ROTMIL

Sivori return?

ENRIQUE SIVORI, the former Argentinian and Italian League schemer, who has not played seriously for the last two seasons since he returned to his native Argentina, had a surprise telephone call recently.

On the other end of the line was Carlo Parola, the President of Novara who wanted Sivori to start playing again. Though fat and unfit Sivori is still held in esteem by Parola who asked the ex-Napoli star if he would cut out drinking and smoking and get himself in trim again.

At 35, Sivori has little left in him as a player but Parola considers that he could give him six months where his wealth of experience would do wonders for his team.

But the snag is that Napoli require a transfer fee if Sivori plays again and it could be somewhere in the region of £30,000 including insurance. So perhaps the Sivori come-back will not materialise after all.

* * *

Penarol fans went bersek when the club transferred Pedro Rocha their star midfield player to Sao Paulo (Brazil) last year. But they are likely to be even more upset if their rivals in Montevideo Nacional carry out their plan to get Rocha back to the Uruguayan capital.

Nacional are reported to have made a bid for Rocha who might well be keen to return to his home country where he spent all his career until last year.

FRENCH ON TOUR

THE winter break in France is now just over a month old and Georges Boulogne, manager of the national team, is utilising this to take his squad for their first ever trip to South America.

Meanwhile the Olympique Marseille v. St. Etienne tussle for the league title the ASSE have retained for the past four consecutive seasons remains in deadlock. On the last day before the break Marseille got slightly the worst of things, being held to 1-1 at home to Red Star but St. Etienne away to Ajaccio in Corsica also drew by the same score. Both teams share the lead after 19 games (exactly half-way) with 27 points each and the third club, Rennes, four points away.

The real big news, however, is Marseille's engagement of a new coach, Lucien Leduc, who signed a contract for 2½ years after completing his term a few days earlier with SCO Angers whom he left in 14th place (out of 20). Leduc's past successes include a championship for Roubaix back in 1947; the Coupe de France (for Racing Club de Paris) in 1949 and an "impossible" Cup and league double for AS Monaco.

Resources

Leduc's *thing* is an insistence (and apparent success) with attacking football and despite their slender resources and relatively low league placing, Angers this season have scored 31 goals, which is a figure only four Division I clubs can better. Away from home Angers' figures look even more illustrious with only the top two, Marseille (his new club) and St. Etienne, able to boast more.

For the leaders to engage a new coach appears incredible even by today's extraordinary standards, but French views are divided. To some, Leduc's arrival means a job "upstairs", promoted to technical director for Mario Zatelli.

Marseille's 18th game brought an unexpected 3-1 defeat away to bottom of the table Bordeaux and this, say critics of club chairman Marcel Leclerc, means the abandonment of Zatelli's methods. These include the libero or beton in France, but M. Leclerc insists that Leduc's arrival strengthens Marseille's hand with two coaches working hand in hand. Next season, he said recently, we hope to engage a third coach.

Jan Olsson wins title

'Eriksson's move has finally been clinched'

SWEDISH Footballer of the Year for 1970 is Jan Olsson, now in the Bundesliga with VfB Stuttgart but starring for Atvidaberg before the World Cup. His old club, leaders at the half-way mark, probably missed him more than was recognised—at least by the club directors who, disappointed at their failure to win the championship, sacked coach Bengt Gustafsson at the end of the season.

The FA were quick to step in, however, and engaged Gustafsson to look after their Under-23 squad from January 1, 1971.

New contract

Another well-known figure whose contract is not being renewed is Gunnar Nordahl, star of IFK Norrkoping in the '40s and a prolific goalgetter for AC Milan in Italy. Since his return to Sweden he has spent much of his time as manager of his old club and though still popular with his players and the public the club has announced that they will not offer him a new contract.

Leif Eriksson's much publicised move to France has finally been clinched though his destination will not be Bordeaux, but Nice. He joins his new employers in time for the re-start of the French league at the end of January and a clause in his 2½-year contract stipulates that he will be released to play for Sweden when required.

The 1971 campaign begins on April 12, when it can still be bitterly cold in Stockholm. At the last FA meeting of 1970 it was agreed that beginning in 1973 the Division I complement be increased from 12 to 14 clubs — more games should mean more money but the difficulties involved in arranging four more league games are formidable.

The same increase has been made in Division II where there are now four regional leagues of 12 clubs. Few clubs are without financial problems, particularly hit are the Second Division teams but the climate limits the period of play and only three grounds (all used by Division I teams) have warm air, anti-freeze equipment. Even here there is the problem of clearing the terraces of snow and ice so that the public may watch, if not in comfort then at least in safety.

The two newly promoted clubs are Landskrona and Lulea, the former having spent 19 years in Division I, but back for the first time since 1949. Lulea, complete strangers, are hardly likely to be popular, playing as they do in the far north. For them every away game will involve more than 600 miles travel each way.

Leif Eriksson, a recent acquisition for Nice in France.

Focus on FC TWENTE '65 by JACK ROLLIN

THE fact that FC Twente '65 reached the last eight of the European Fairs Cup was no great surprise in itself, save for underlining the improvement shown by Dutch teams over the past couple of years.

Following in the wake of Ajax Amsterdam who became the first Dutch club to reach the final of a major European competition when they lost to AC Milan in the 1969 Champions Cup and Feyenoord who won the trophy last year, Twente have confirmed the upsurge of football in the Netherlands.

Few who viewed the Dutch national team taking an honourable draw from England at Wembley last year could not have been impressed by the technical skills displayed. Much of the new trend is reflected in the play of Twente, themselves a comparatively new outfit fashioned like so many other Dutch teams of recent years from amalgamation.

It was in 1965 that the former Sportclub Enschede and Enschedese Boys joined forces to promote FC Twente '65. Since then they have produced one outstanding forward in Dik Van Dijk, who has subsequently joined Ajax and gradually given the impression that they can be considered as strong contenders for the supremacy shown in Holland by both Ajax and Feyenoord in recent years.

Greek international Papaiouannou heads the ball over FC Twente goalkeeper Piet Schrivers but also over the bar.

NEW TREND REFLECTED

Position

Manager Kees Rijvers must take some credit for the position now held by Twente. A former Dutch international, he made his début for Holland against Luxembourg just after the war when he was 19. He went on to win 33 caps, the last of which came in 1960.

His most experienced players are internationals, too. Right-back Epi Drost (aged 25) was on duty against England and impressed with some clever defensive work. In attack it is Theo Pahlpatz who used to form a lethal spearhead with Van Dijk at both club and national level and who has regained a place in the Dutch eleven, too, recently.

Drost won his first cap against Czechoslovakia in April 1969 and Pahlpatz made his initial appearance against Russia in November 1967. At 23 Pahlpatz is a most valuable property and he is a former amateur international.

But another recruit from the amateur ranks who has really captured the imagination of the team this season is centre-forward Rene Van de Kerkhoff. At 18 he has shot into prominence with the team in his first taste of senior soccer and is their leading goalscorer.

Up front he receives able support from Jan Jeuring, a 23-year-old Dutch Under-23 international, and from the midfield area 24-year-old Eddie Achterberg, who came from DOS in 1967. There is experience, too, in the form of Issy Ten Donkelaar (29).

At the back the other strong men are Bennie Huve (24) and Willem De Vries (28), a former youth and "B" international. Behind them is Piet Schrijvers (24), who has been with the club two years and was formerly with HVC and DWS Amsterdam.

Yet the club's most celebrated signing was probably Antal Nagy, the Hungarian who came from the Belgian club Standard Liege. Nagy (26) was leading scorer with the Liege club.

Twente's accent is on a young side and others on their staff include Andre Haafkens (22) who came from DOS two years ago, Johan Beekman (22), Kees Van Iersel (25), Kick Van de Vall who was signed from Feyenoord three years ago, and Willy Van Der Kerkhoff.

Marksmanship

Certainly it has been in the last three seasons that Twente have been making a steady claim for recognition. In 1968–69 they finished third, thanks mainly to the marksmanship of Van Dijk, who scored 30 goals in 32 matches. Pahlpatz with 13 was the only other player to hit double figures. In fact these two between them notched all but 26 of the team's League goals.

It now seems that if Twente are to sustain the challenge they have already begun to make in 1970–71 much will depend on whether the young and still inexperienced Van de Kerkhoff can maintain his scoring rate.

The strain is already telling. Moreover with clubs like ADO and Sparta and PSV Eindhoven also putting in a strong bid for honours, it is likely to be a big scramble at the top of the table by the season's end.

One of Twente's best performances of the season was a 1-0 win over Ajax which aptly illustrated the difference between the two sides. Twente with a defence which let only four goals in during its first 14 matches, a record not matched this term by any other club, and Ajax with the most lethal attack which found the net 40 times in its first 15 matches, provided keen fare. But the Twente defence stayed firm.

Rather more worrying, however, is the lack of goals from the Twente attack. Only 19 came from those first 14 games and oddly enough the only time the forwards have cut loose has been in the European Fairs Cup.

After quite modest opposition from Greek and Turkish quarters, Twente's best performance came in the third round when they disposed of Dynamo Zagreb, the Yugoslav team with a fine record itself in Europe in recent years.

BARCELONA STILL LEAD

NORMAN CUTLER from SPAIN

SPAIN reached the season's half-way stage ... internationally cock-a-hoop, domestically ... Oh, dear!

Resignations, utter mishandling and chaos has dominated the higher echelons. The referees are still smouldering over unjust regulations. The injury epidemic, the worst in history. Eleven managers have "resigned" and in each case their teams have improved ... and the Federation president's much publicised reconstruction scheme is still on the stocks, publicly anyway.

The principal progress is that resignations on the Committee of Competitions, following FIFA's rocket, has given that much abused ruling body a different look ... and there is the noticeable absence of Paraguayan arrivals, those so-called "stars" who suddenly find they have Spanish parents.

Really successful is the reconstruction of the League Championship and Spanish Cup, drawn up by the previous Federation president. The weeding out of useless teams, the drastic streamlining and the closer rivalry is indeed improving the standard of play.

All these are administration failings which emphasises that the new president, D. Jose Luis Perez Paya, was right when he said: "A complete reconstruction of the game in Spain is necessary...." I honestly wish he would get moving.

Discovery

The "winter champions"? Barcelona, playing with a new look that recalls their heyday of 1944–52. Manager Vic Buckingham has really done wonders for what is erroneously described, in England, as "the richest club on earth". He has rebuilt morale that was lower than the lowest ... tamed wild men defenders Gallego and Eladio ... persisted with his young centre-forward, Marti Filosia, in spite of public protests ... produced the discovery of the year, outside-right Carlos Rexach, the League's leading goalscorer ... and built a team worthy of the club's great traditions, magnificent stadium and at times, too passionate, pride.

They are performing with such confidence and brilliance that even Madrid newspapers are hinting, reluctantly, that they may well finish champions.

Second are Valencia ... one point behind. They have won their matches (even in Barcelona) which league-wise, I suppose, is all that matters. But their position flatters them in as much as their success has been achieved by dour determination and doggedness, rather than skill and entertainment.

Valencia's defence, with the two internationals Sol and Anton the key figures, is the best in the country. Ten goals against in 15 matches is quite a record in present-day Spanish football. And ... manager Alfredo Di Stefano has proved that his great success with Boca Juniors was no accident.

Operative

Third ... Champions Atletico Madrid. They've surprisingly maintained last season's form in spite of injuries to stars like Jose Garate (what a great player this boy is) and Luis (out for six weeks) ... and those two tough games with Cagliari.

Tough ... yes, that is the operative factor which may well cause their downfall. What amazes me—and I wince every time an Atletico player goes into a tackle—is where they learnt their crunching-type of football.

Ronnie Allen, manager of Atletico Bilbao.

Fourth. Real Madrid ... still plagued by mysterious injuries (or are they?). Real are still searching for a goalkeeper ... still the most prolific goalgetters ... still the dignified, elegant team ... still the country's greatest crowd magnet.

Manuel Bueno, a regular at last after substituting for Paco Gento for 12 years; Pirri, terrific now he's in the forward line; Miguelin Perez and the in-form (at last) Fleitas, score the goals but, oh, that defence. I know two new defence signings, injured before the season started, have never played, but more than half the goals against have been scored by incredibly stupid defensive errors and lack of understanding.

Fifth ... the sensation of the season, Celta de Vigo. They narrowly escaped "down in one" last year, but at the moment are the most difficult side to beat. And with it ... entertaining!

Fashionable

Their international half-back Enrique Costas—a Kubala discovery—is the architect of their brilliant season. He's been sought after by all the fashionable clubs, although how long modest Celta can resist a £90,000 bait is problematical.

Sixth? Atletico Bilbao, the great Ronnie Allen-inspired-side of 1969–70 ... now struggling under the weight of injuries to the sensational Pepe Rojo, Luis Igartua and the defensive keyman, Luis Echeverria.

Ronnie wrote to me the other day saying "We are fighting ..." which means that, although five points down, Atletico Bilbao are far from out.

Seville have fallen away ... injuries, again, and too many December-January friendly matches with European clubs ... and Las Palmas, who were at rock bottom when Hector Rial took over, look to have turned the corner. The annual relegationists ... Elche, Sabadell, Granada, Malaga and Gijon ... are simply out of their class.

The **leading positions** are:

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts.
BARCELONA ...	15	10	2	3	26	12	22
Valencia	15	9	3	3	21	10	21
At. Madrid	15	8	5	2	22	11	21
R. Madrid	15	7	5	3	28	15	19
Celta	15	8	3	4	19	16	19
At. Bilbao	15	6	5	4	24	16	17

Take over at City — managerial ch

MANCH CRISIS T

Joe Mercer, manager of Manchester City, a club on the brink over a take-over.

BY a curious freak of chronology, Manchester City and Manchester United have passed, all but simultaneously, through a considerable crisis. Each, however, has been so thoroughly different from the other as to throw it into sharp relief. Thus City, riven behind the scenes, prey to a struggle for power in the boardroom, have been blandly successful on the field. United, by contrast, present the picture of a thoroughly unmenaced and tranquil board, but a team in the throes of turmoil. By the time you read this, perhaps their fortunes will have changed markedly for the better. At the time I write it, things are glum. Wilf McGuinness has just been cast back, not into outer darkness, but into what one might call inner obscurity, while the team is a curious hotchpotch of potential brilliance and actual banality.

Let us, then, take United first. McGuinness was neither a successful nor a popular manager, but I think he was extremely unlucky. If anyone is to be "blamed", I fear it must be that traditionally most blameless of managers, Sir Matt Busby, who has virtually and courteously acknowledged as much himself. It was he, after all, who suggested the appointment of McGuinness, first as team coach, then, in due course, as team manager.

For McGuinness, the task was surely an impossibility. Had he been, for the sake of argument, Pat Crerand, a highly rational and deeply respected current player, a present star of the United team, who had won Scottish caps and helped it through a hundred battles, perhaps his prestige with the side would have been sufficient. But McGuinness, a hard rather than an especially gifted player, had retired, alas, at the age of 23; true, after being capped for England. His chief claim to distinction, and it was not by any means a small one, was his really splendid work with the England Youth team, as lieutenant to Pat Welton.

There is room, here for a digression. To be able to work fruitfully with young footballers is a rare and special talent. Tottenham Hotspur, whose youth scheme in years gone by was roughly as apparent as the Swiss Navy, had the good sense to put Welton in charge of their young players, and the results have been splendidly encouraging; such players as Steve Perryman, Neighbour and Pratt have emerged. I fully subscribe to the view, first put forward, I believe, in Italy, that a youth manager deserves as high a salary, if he be a good example of his kind, as a full club manager. After all, at a time when even a moderate player can change hands for £100,000, what is five or six thousand for the man who may produce footballers for you for nothing?

Experienced

Thus, McGuinness has a talent and a function. But he was too young, too familiar and at the same time too obscure a figure to be capable of the enormous task which faced him. Why, then, did Busby not appoint someone more experienced and mature?

The answer must necessarily be speculative, but I believe there may

Sir Alf Ramsey, with Bobby Charlton and Sir Matt Busby. Sir Matt has temporarily taken over as manager of United again and both Charlton and Sir Alf have been mentioned as future Manchester United managers.

hanges at United — *by BRIAN GLANVILLE*

ESTER— TOWN

have been a natural reluctance to let go of the tiller; of the levers—if you like—of power. McGuinness was not remotely in the same class, could never meet him—at least for the foreseeable future—on level terms.

A few years ago, some of us believed that the managerial job would go to Noel Cantwell, the present Coventry City manager. Certainly Cantwell himself was led to think as much. When Lamar Hunt, the Texan millionaire who runs, among other clubs, the Dallas Tornado soccer team, was in England, looking for a manager, I suggested Cantwell, who was then still a Manchester United player. Hunt approached Cantwell, but Busby urged him to stay with United, intimating that there would be need of him there, in time to come. But, as we know, Cantwell was destined to join Coventry.

Discussion

When he first joined Manchester United, from West Ham United, a club full of qualified FA coaches and, under the aegis of Ron Greenwood, given to much intelligent thought about the game, Cantwell was not impressed by the training methods at Old Trafford, nor by the lack of lively discussion, compared with West Ham. Had he been given the managerial job there, it is probable that a few heads would have rolled, on the training and coaching side. Did Busby want to avoid this? One cannot say. Meanwhile, when a manager enjoys the colossal prestige and the immense reputation that he does, it is going to be hard indeed for anyone to serve under him.

At Maine Road, as I have said, the position is quite different. The partnership between Joe Mercer and Malcolm Allison works marvellously well and Allison, despite his outward appearance of flamboyance and occasional intransigence, knows it perfectly. When, not long ago, the present directors wanted to sack him, during the take-over squabbles, Mercer announced that if Allison went, he would go as well; and Allison stayed.

The two complement each other admirably. The group which will, almost inevitably, take over the club next September are Allison men every one. Ian Niven, the publican and engineer who welded them together, is fanatically for City and fanatically for Allison, whom he describes as "the saviour". It is Allison, he will tell you, who revitalised City and enabled him to square his shoulders and look United fans in the eye again.

Niven, indeed, opened his most successful pub precisely because he wanted to create a centre for City supporters. The pub he had previously gone to was run by a former Manchester City fan who, in his opinion, had defected by turning to Manchester United. One evening they had an argument about buying a drink after closing time; the landlord told him abruptly, very abruptly, to leave, and Niven ceremonially demanded his tankard. He was not, he said, standing for *that*.

Volatile

So he introduced Michael Horwich, a voluble and volatile solicitor who had previously tried, without success, to get on the board, to Joe Smith, a double glazing manufacturer and City fan. Smith paid £100,000 for the shares owned by Mr. Johnson, one of the City directors, and the two groups thus controlled enough of them to have a majority. Horwich, like Niven, is a devoted admirer of Allison; he is also his lawyer.

Allison, therefore, will virtually have his own, or at least a very well disposed, board, as and when the take-over becomes final; and I myself do not see how the present board can stop it. The players, fond in their ways both of Allison and Mercer, have been upset and dismayed by the manœuvrings in the background; they are very loyal to the elderly chairman, Mr. Alexander, whose recent health has been extremely poor, and resent the fact that he has been placed under such a strain. They also feel that it is wrong to tamper with what is so manifestly a going concern. To this, Mr. Smith and his group reply that while the playing record has been superb, attendances don't reflect it; that for all their recent lack of success, it is still, by and large, United who get the crowds.

Malcolm Allison, assistant to Joe Mercer at Maine Road.

When you hear men like Niven speaking on the subject, talking, *inter alia*, of going into the schools and commissioning essays on Manchester City, you realise you are dealing with a form of almost religious belief. But whatever the passions and predilections of the new group, they too realise that Mercer is the essential fatherly influence, the indispensable ballast, for Allison. Unfortunately, partnerships of this fruitful kind, where each partner gives something rare and special to the other, are still more rare than successful, harmonious marriages.

In the case of Manchester United, it seems to me that the second in command should be essentially a fine and dedicated *coach*, rather than a manager, someone who would be only too delighted that the problems of dealing with the Press and handling the finances of the club were, by and large, in the capable hands of Busby. But precisely how to find such a paragon is indeed another matter.

LEGIA LEAD IN POLAND

LEADERS of the Polish League at the winter pause are the Warsaw Army club Legia who appear to have an iron-like grip on the championship. Two years ago they were beaten at home and away by Gornik Zabrze—but still won the league race and the Silesian club had to be satisfied with the FA Cup where they beat Legia once more in the final.

This time after 13 matches Legia are four points ahead of Ruch Chorzow, celebrating their 50th anniversary this year, and six points clear of third placed Gornik. Leading scorers in a competition where goals are not easily come by are Herman (Ruch) nine, with Lubanski (Gornik) and Marks (Ruch) having seven each. Herman incidentally is 33 years old.

Apart from the top three clubs, one goal per game appears to be as much as the other clubs can manage. GKS Kattowice provide the outstanding example of tight-play, scoring seven goals for the loss of eight in their first ten games. They finished the autumn half of the campaign in sixth place with eight drawn matches out of 13. Four other clubs run them close with six draws each and bottom of the table Gwardia Warsaw have even managed to draw five times.

They held league leaders Legia to a 0-1 defeat in the recent Warsaw derby but Legia's last league match underlined their supremacy. Away to Zaglebie Sosnowiecz, whose previous five matches had gained them nine points, Legia won 2-0.

In the last few years the Polish game has constantly threatened to break out of the second-class group of European countries. Not long ago they beat Scotland at Hampden Park and in early 1966 drew 1-1 with England in Liverpool. The 1970 results include a 2-0 away win against Russia and a double over Denmark (5-0 and 2-0) but in the autumn they were thrashed 5-0 by East Germany in Rostock. This undoubtedly led to the replacement of National XI boss Ryschard Koncewiecz who gives way from January 1 to the former Under-23 team chief Kazimierz Gorski.

Hubert Kostka, goalkeeper of Gornik.

Olympiakos slip

TRADITIONALLY the Greek championship has always been a three-horse affair between Olympiakos, Panathinaikos and AEK, but this time the Piraeus club, Olympiakos, with more championship successes to their credit than anyone else unwittingly threw away their chances before the first ball was kicked.

Their problems began during the summer when their experienced Yugoslav coach Stefan Bobek announced his intention to rebuild his ageing side. Everyone was against him—players, directors and public alike—but refusing to be dissuaded he was dismissed.

Victories

His successor, Dan Georgiadis, let himself in for a load of trouble that Bobek could no doubt have predicted. The result is that Olympiakos occupy 12th place in the table with ten points for and only four victories in 13 games.

Beaten seven times, the club is in turmoil with Delikaris, an Under-23 international forward suspended by the club (indiscipline) for three months and fined £75; star left-winger Botinos also in dispute with the club and refusing to play, and centre-half Aganian blamed by the directors for three 0-1 defeats and suspended for the rest of the season.

Inevitably this has left Panathinaikos and AEK on their own and given unfashionable Panionios, Iraklis and Apollon a chance to shine. Panathinaikos, with Puskas the new boss, could only draw 2-2 with Panionios and then met their first defeat of the season away to newly promoted Kavala ... an 86th-minute penalty for hands giving the home side a 1-0 win.

Despite this success Kavala are seriously threatened by relegation, this being only their second win of the season, but they are in good company at the bottom with Fostir, a small club from Athens, Crete and EPA Larnax, the champions of Cyprus—Larnax being virtually booked already.

The fourth promoted club, Apollon, have done remarkably well and recently gave AEK their first league defeat by 2-1—on a day when Olympiakos went down 2-1 at home to unknowns Proodeftiki. Big match in the Christmas weekend programme was the Athens derby between AEK and Panathinaikos, sharing top place in the table at the time with Panionios. A crowd of 35,000 watched an excellent game, with AEK having the edge but Panathinaikos getting better scoring chances. The result, a 1-1 draw, satisfied everyone, particularly after the other results were known. Panionios had squandered their chance to go clear at the top, losing 2-1 at home to Aigaleo.

ERIC BATTY

Bergmark memoirs uproar

THE former Swedish national coach, Orvar Bergmark, may have been too indiscreet in his memoirs, published recently in a Stockholm newspaper. In the third article in the series Bergmark went even further on the matter of the Mexico bribery case, claiming that "a voice I knew well" telephoned him at Sweden's headquarters in Toluca, suggesting that the Brazilian referee Airton de Morais could be "bought" for a thousand dollars. FIFA have written to the Swedish FA, asking for a translation of Bergmark's text, and unless he is prepared to reveal the name of the person he claims telephoned him he could face a long suspension.

Young Davies bids to follow brother Ron

PETER JACKSON in Wales

PAUL DAVIES is a 17-year-old with a glint of stardom. The Arsenal apprentice, aiming to be in Czechoslovakia with Wales for the finals of the European Youth tournament, is following in the golden footsteps of Big Brother—Southampton's Ron Davies.

Davies junior and Davies senior have at least two common denominators, apart from their brotherly relationship. Each wears a No. 9 on his back and each plays for his country.

While Ron missed the European Championship game against Rumania at Cardiff in November, Paul scored in the Youth team's 6-1 destruction of Iceland at Swansea in December.

Now he and his Welsh colleagues face the acid test—home and away matches against Scotland which will determine whether the Welsh kids make the European finals for the second year in succession.

Scotland, with maximum points from their games against Iceland, top the qualifying group by one point. What Wales have to do to reach Czechoslovakia in May is to take three points from Scotland.

Professional

"Last year it was England and we took three points from them," says Welsh national coach Mike Smith. "Nobody gave us much of a chance of holding England, let alone beating them."

Last season was the first in which Wales had entered a professional team in the EUFA competition. When they last fielded an all-amateur one, Holland beat them 11-2.

The humiliation of what the Dutch had done in the early '60s lingered on for several years and the annual European championship went ahead without Wales.

It wasn't until last season that the wind of change blew strongly enough through the corridors of Welsh FA headquarters at Wrexham that Wales came out of hiding and sent a professional team to do battle in Europe.

The results were startling. Grouped with Eire and England, Wales completed the four-match qualifying programme without losing.

Behind the successful results is a team of 17- and 18-year-olds who are doing their level best to repudiate the belief, bred by utter failure at Under-23 level a few years ago, that Wales had stopped making footballers.

Two of the current side have already been given a taste of League football. Leighton James, man-of-the-match against Iceland, has above-average ball skills and a refreshing willingness to take on his full-back. Burnley can have few more promising teenagers.

Derek Showers is another 17-year-old—a centre-forward in the old-fashioned sense and with all the appropriate statistics. Last season his goal-haul topped 100 and in December he won a temporary introduction to Cardiff's Second Division side.

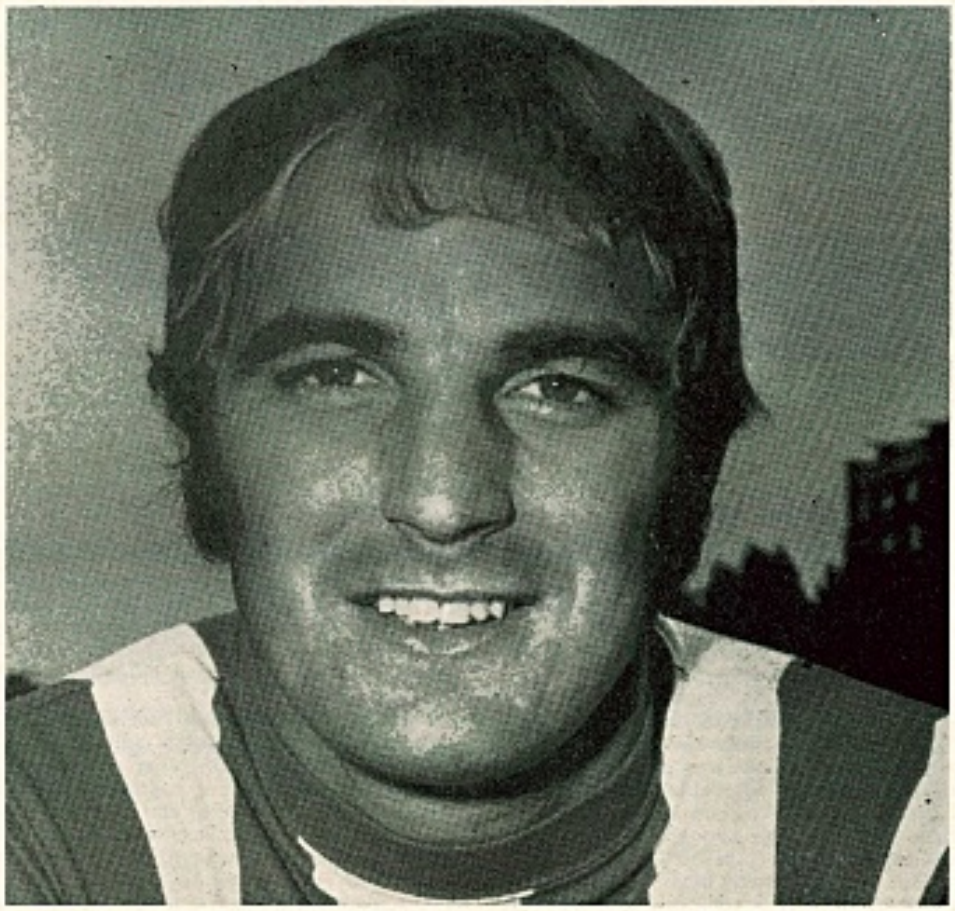
Midfield players Colin Randall of Coventry and Alan Couch of Cardiff are more stars of tomorrow. And Nigel Rees, a 17-year-old Cardiff left-winger, seems certain to win a place in the team to meet Scotland.

Two years ago Rees was playing outside-half at Twickenham for the Welsh Secondary Schools against England. "Soccer," he says, "has always been my first love."

The race for the Welsh League championship is already a three-horse affair featuring defending champions Cardiff City, last season's runners-up Haverfordwest and 1969 title-holders Bridgend Town.

The patriotic Welsh are upset because no club from the Principality was invited to compete in the new Texaco tournament, known before its sponsors' intervention as the British Isles Cup.

How, asked the Welsh with commendable commonsense, dare they call this a British Isles Cup when we aren't asked to join in? The official answer is that Wales are not members of the International Football League Board to which the Football League, Scottish League, Irish League and League of Ireland belong.



Ron Davies, of Southampton and Wales, whose younger brother, Paul, is beginning to make his mark.

RON GRIFFITHS sends this report from Texas, USA

SOCCER BOOMING!

OLE! flashed the 400 ft. long scoreboard as goalkeeper Jim Standen made a great save. Phew! it exclaimed in letters 30 ft. high as Francisco Gento hit the bar.

This was soccer, Texas style, in 1967, as 33,000 curious onlookers witnessed the first ever pro-soccer game in the state, and the first anywhere indoors and on artificial grass —"Astroturf".

Pro-soccer has long since left the Astrodome and Houston, America's fifth city, but I can say with some enthusiasm that soccer is on a stronger footing in the lone star state than ever before.

True, the only professional team is in Dallas, but the Tornados, original members of the league, have done a great deal to make soccer part of the local sport scene. They made many mistakes in the early years and have failed to set the league alight performance-wise since then, but their recent accomplishments with junior soccer have brought them much more support from the locals.

Coaching lessons

Former Portsmouth, Gillingham and Crystal Palace winger Ron Newman, a full badge FA coach, assisted by Liverpudlian John Best and Mancunian Mike Renshaw go out daily to schools in the Dallas area to give coaching lessons, and if sincerity and sheer hard work are what it takes, then Newman has no equal. His most enthusiastic supporter is his wife, Olive, who coaches a local girls' team which their ten-year-old daughter Tracy plays for, while I am proud to have 14-year-old Guy Newman in my own junior team, the Longhorns.

The club is owned by Lamar Hunt, a super sports backer, and by Bill McNutt who makes super fruit cake—both of whom take a keen interest in affairs, including a subscription to WORLD SOCCER.

Gone are the days when it was a self-respecting necessity to play in the 75,000-seat Cotton Bowl, they now play at the 10,000-seat Franklin Field, a high school stadium. Costs have been pruned dramatically, with the players part-time on 75 dollars, a gain throughout the league, and while nobody is making a fortune, losses are bearable and a large part of the budget is spent on youth activities.

Newman's aim has been to get the game into local high schools and junior highs. While there are a dozen leagues in the area for kids of different age groups, it is not until it is finally accepted by all the "public" or state schools that the soccer pyramid will have a base large enough to bring forth sufficient talent to take on the world.

This autumn there have been some rebuffs from naive school principals, but the fact is that a junior school league with 15 teams got under way, while the high school league that has operated for over ten years with private schools, admitted public schools.

Many wise school districts are gradually being attracted to the game by simple economics; the fact that one soccer team can be outfitted for less than one American football player, and in a state where school teams spent £3,500 on outfitting a team, the economics are important.

Mothers like the sport because their sons come home in one piece as opposed to the staggering number of football injuries. Dads like it because their boys play for the whole or a large part of the game.

Kids like it because everybody is a quarter-back. They can all think for themselves on the field and are not one of 20-30 substitutes who may or may not play for the odd minute in the odd game.

There are 200 million Americans, and the number of boys left over, after the height and weight demands of football and basketball are met, are sufficient to provide for thousands of soccer teams—and there is nothing wrong with a good big 'un either.

'Soccer is a twelve month sport with leagues starting all the time'

Soccer is a 12-month sport in Texas with leagues starting and finishing all the time, so the enthusiastic youngster plays more soccer than most foreign youngsters. We have four age groups as well as the school teams, with about 6,000 young players in the Dallas area. Games are also played out of town on trips to Oklahoma City and Tulsa 200 miles west, to Shrewport Louisiana 200 miles east, and Houston, San Antonio and Austin average 250 miles south and south-east.

It is the colleges and universities of America where the big news will be made in the near future. As in other sports over here, boys want to get a degree education before taking a step into the professional ranks, and this is helped by the scholarships offered by the excitement of big time collegiate sport of a very high standard and by the power of the National Collegiate Athlete Association (NCAA) which keeps the professionals at bay.

Sport is well organised at Collegiate level even in soccer, crowds of English Fourth Division size are seen on many campuses for home games. They will provide the bulk of Olympic and American international teams in the near future since all the talent wants an education as well, and the college teams individually are going on more and more overseas trips to help improve their game.

Down in the south-west most of the dozen and a half university teams that exist have been composed mainly of foreign students, which has done nothing to promote soccer as an American sport. When I spent a year at the giant 35,000 student University of Texas in Austin (Oxford on the range) one had to speak Spanish to get a pass and the up and coming American player didn't get a chance to play.

At SMU (Southern Methodist University) in Dallas I have banked on an almost 100% American player policy which will pay off in the future with the talent available locally. "Local boy makes good" will help attract interest and spectators and give publicity to soccer.

American boys are the most coachable soccer players I have ever dealt with, they are used to training every day in other sports and are willing to accept that they don't know it all and are eager to learn.

In early December, I drove the 1,300 miles to Edwardsville, Illinois, and back, to see St. Louis University with a team of local-born players, defeat UCLA from California 1-0 in the NCAA soccer final in front of a packed stadium. Their coach, incidentally, is Harry Keough, who played full-back for USA in that game against England in Belo Horizonte, Brazil, in 1950.

Sporting life

The North American Soccer League has now expanded to eight teams and it is to these colleges that they will turn for support and recruits, so that pro-soccer will be an accepted part of American sporting life. How can Americans accept a sport when they see Philadelphia Ukrainians v. New York German Hungarians with the loudspeaker and programme in Russia or when the USA entry into the equivalent of the European Cup — CUNACEF is a Greek American soccer club.

We have had many foreign teams playing in Dallas — West Ham, Dundee United, Coventry, Wolves, Aston Villa, Hertha Berlin, Bayern, ADO, etc., but three years ago I got the idea that it would be great if the boys who had taken soccer up in Dallas could live in the environment of the game by coming to Britain and seeing some of these great teams in front of large crowds, combined with soccer coaching, games against local youth teams, etc.

BOTEV THE SHOCK TEAM IN BULGARIA

THE first half of the 1970–71 season in Bulgaria came to a close with CSKA leading the table. With only one defeat—against JSC Slavia—and three draws in 15 matches, CSKA have shown splendid consistency.

Much of the credit for their success is due to Dimitr Yakimov, in superb form this season. He is top goalscorer (18) and has put his team-mate, Peter Jekov, into the shadows. Jekov was top marksman last season.

Defending champions Levski Sparta have been something of a disappointment. Georgi Asparoukhov has still to fully recover from a succession of injuries but other Levski players, too, are sadly out of touch.

The surprise team of the season has been Botev—from Vratza, a town in north-west Bulgaria. Botev finished 13th last season but this year have frequently upset some of the more favoured teams.

There are no individual stars in the side, although Raikov, a forward, has been included in the national squad.

The other major surprise has been the poor form of JSC Slavia. Although they have good players in Davidov, Shalamanov, Kotsev and Grigorov, the club has not really clicked since it was formed by an amalgamation of Slavia and Lokomotiv-Sofia in 1969.

In a radio interview the senior coach said that the best solution would be for the club to divide again.

Attendances slumped in the first half of the season to an average of 10,000—a drop of 6,500 in two years. The average number of goals per game also dropped—from 3.14 in 1968 to 2.26.

Scheduled

There were some crowd disturbances, too. Bottom club Chernomorez, who play in Burges, had to play three matches scheduled for their own ground away from home. After the match against Levski Sparta fans surrounded the referee's dressing-room, threw stones and broke a number of windows in the visiting team's coach.

To help improve the general standard of play in Bulgaria, a number of senior coaches have been sent on trips abroad. Spasov went to England, Berkov to Italy and Bojkov to West Germany.

Yakimov is pictured (above right) playing for CSKA against Haka of Finland in the Cup Winners Cup this season. CSKA won 9-0 and went on to play Chelsea, being ultimately eliminated in the second leg at Stamford Bridge.

In that match English onlookers thought Yakimov the man-of-the-match although he unluckily had his name taken in the first half.

A. TANIELIAN

Keep abreast of world soccer by placing an order for a subscription to WORLD SOCCER —the international magazine

Subscriptions Manager, WORLD SOCCER, 84-87 Temple Chambers, London, E.C.4, please enter a 12 months' subscription, commencing with issue dated ..... enclosed herewith £2.10.0 (£2.50) (Inclusive Post UK/Europe) (USA $6—Airmail $9) other countries on application.

NAME: .....

ADDRESS: .....

.....

IBROX TRAGEDY RESULT OF APATHY...

ALL those young men and boys, many of them the sole wage-earners of large and poor Glasgow families, died because of the almost criminal apathy of civic, civil and soccer authorities. Whatever the findings of the public inquiry, that is the inescapable conclusion of the Ibrox Park disaster.

In the first instance, there have now been three major catastrophes involving severe loss of life at British football grounds:

April, 1902, at Ibrox Park—25 killed, over 500 injured.

March, 1946, at Burnden Park, Bolton —33 killed, over 400 injured.

January, 1971, at Ibrox Park — 66 killed, over 140 injured.

Yet successive Home Secretaries and Secretaries of State for Scotland have failed to act on the recommendations of at least five reports or public inquiries that all football grounds should be licensed and stringent new safety precautions introduced. In June, 1963, Henry Brooke, hardly the most effective of Home Secretaries, conceded in the House of Commons that "the law required strengthening - and the urgency was acknowledged". Is it now more urgent?

Authorities

In fact, the law already permits, but does not compel, local authorities to assume the power to license grounds. Under the 1890 Public Health Amendment Act, and the 1936 Public Health Act, they can assume control over any public building or open space and the condition of entrances and staircases thereto. But the County Councils have on three separate occasions (1952, 1961 and 1968) passed the buck back to the Home Office, on the basis that no comprehensive licensing system had been devised. The Glasgow Corporation put forward a proposal some ten years ago to license the city's football grounds, but dropped the idea because of the scale of opposition.

The Scottish Football Association, as far as I can ascertain, has never even considered the problem. At least the Football Association has always been well endowed with men of foresight. So well endowed that the 1902 disaster (to quote from their Official History) "called immediate attention to the fact that something would need to be done to protect the personal liability of clubs and associations against similar occurrences in the future". So the FA became a limited liability company, protecting itself, but hardly the public.

After the first Wembley Cup Final in 1923, when close on 200,000 people had forced their way into the ground, the government held a public inquiry under Edward Short: the FA refused to attend or to give evidence. But after the Bolton disaster the FA Secretary, Stanley Rous, wrote to the Home Secretary conceding that "some provision for licensing grounds should be made". But when nothing was done the FA, like Pontius Pilate, washed their hands of the whole affair.

It was not until after the Lang Report in 1969, which recommended that clubs should invite local authorities to inspect safety precautions at their grounds, that the FA began to insist on annual certificates from each club to this effect. Sir John Lang's committee made several new proposals to increase safety precautions, such as the introduction of full seating to replace standing accommodation, but many of these proposals were beyond the means of the clubs most in need of them.

The staircase at Ibrox Park on which 66 people lost their lives on January 2.

For some clubs, then, the struggle to survive has put considerations of public safety at the back of their minds. But for the wealthy, like the Rangers of Glasgow, there is no such excuse.

Ibrox Park has been particularly prone to accidents of this kind. The first major disaster of April 1902 resulted from the collapse of part of the west terracing, when a record crowd of 68,114 packed the ground at an England-Scotland international. Then, too, the departing spectators hampered rescue operations, and corrugated iron fencing was torn into strips to carry away the injured.

After this accident wooden stands were considered too dangerous to support big crowds, but not, at Ibrox at least, wooden fences. In 1961 two men were killed and more than 50 injured when the wooden fence on a stairway collapsed during a Rangers-Celtic match.

Rangers replaced their wooden fences with steel after that, and the terracing area has been steadily reduced over the past five years by extensions to the stands. But such improvements evidently did not encompass the concrete stairways —one of which collapsed on January 2, 1969 (two years to the day before the latest disaster) injuring 24 people, some of them seriously.

Staircases

Although there are many dangerous grounds and dangerous staircases leading from them, to my mind not one of them compares for its lack of foresight with the Ibrox exit leading to Cairlea Road. This broad staircase, with only a few flat platforms breaking up a continuous straight line of steps and iron railings, enables the crowd to sweep down in a headlong, unstoppable flow. It needs only the slightest delay at the bottom for the pressure to build up remorselessly from behind as more and more spectators struggle to reach the top of the stairs at the lip of the stadium.

Of course, Rangers might argue, the disaster was caused by the spectators themselves—by those who tried to get back in on hearing that Rangers had equalised, and those who pushed recklessly at the back and swept the mob on to its doom. But it is the obscurity of the crowd that encourages the hooligan to push and kick and shove; the very nature of Rangers' terracing that provided the situation for the catastrophe.

The scene at Ibrox Park after the January 2 tragedy.

WORLD DIARY BY ROGER MACDONALD

SIR MATT AND UNITED

IF Manchester City's Jekyll and Hyde combination of Joe Mercer and Malcolm Allison provide the classic exception to the rule that no club can prosper with two managers, the rule itself is reinforced by Manchester United's failure to cope with Wilf McGuinness and Sir Matt Busby.

Sir Matt made two mistakes when, some 18 months ago, he decided to hand over the job of running the team to a younger man: he picked McGuinness, and he stayed around. The implication was that Busby did not want to stop running Manchester United, and that he did not quite trust McGuinness to run it properly in his place.

Appointment

A colleague of mine told me a story recently about an occasion when he went to cover a game at Old Trafford shortly after McGuinness's appointment. In the directors' room after the game Busby and McGuinness stood in opposite corners, Sir Matt in immaculate suit, collar and tie, Wilf in a blazer, tie slightly askew. There was a crowd of reporters around Sir Matt, who was holding court in genial fashion.

My colleague was taken over by another reporter to be introduced to McGuinness, who was looking rather self-conscious, answering questions from one man from a local press agency. The introductions over, my colleague said to McGuinness (at a time, again, when United were not doing well): "What about some new players, Wilf: you must have some in mind to strengthen the defence?" Wilf half-smiled, half-opened his mouth, checked himself and said with a shrug: "Oh, you'll have to ask the boss about that."

"The boss," as Busby remained both to McGuinness and to most of the players, kept his plush office and most of the trappings of managership. McGuinness had the problem of dealing with men who had been his contemporaries, and who in many cases had enjoyed a much more successful career. As one of them put it: "We had won the European Cup and we were being told what to do by a bloke who'd never been anywhere."

I don't feel that McGuinness, for all his failings of personality, was given a fair chance to make good. With better luck, as he says himself, they might have reached three Cup Finals, and this season they have had nine first-team players out for three weeks or more with significant injuries. Add that to loss of form and you inevitably have a struggling team.

But McGuinness lacked the strength of character, to quote one of the team again, "to understand that United needed handling a special way. I don't think after the first few months anybody took him seriously." McGuinness was probably one of the few men who would have accepted the job with his authority diminished by Busby's new office, and certainly no manager worth his salt would stay with a club who had fired him. That is not loyalty; that is defeatism—even if United continue to pay him the same salary.

With morale at its lowest ebb following their Cup defeat at Middlesbrough, if Busby is to pull United round this season, he will have to recognise that drastic changes need to be made. Some of the players are too old and some, as one United star is alleged to have put it recently, "aren't fit to wear a supporter's scarf let alone the club shirt". He will have to reform their hopefers defensive system, and curb the activities of players like Best, who sometimes loom larger than the club itself.

Complicated

And then Busby must finally retire—admit to himself that at 60 he is too old to cope with the stress and strain of running a business as complicated as Manchester United. For if he returns to his old job of general manager, he is sure to deter any established manager from accepting a job.

The situation, though, seems full of irony. For whoever comes to United may find that in a year or so a score of young players will emerge from the youth and Central League side—players brought to maturity by ... Wilf McGuinness. As for the new manager's identity, I feel we can dismiss thoughts of Don Revie, Sir Alf Ramsey and Tommy Docherty. If you can believe the rumours, the job is lined up for Leicester City's Frank O'Farrell. After all, did not Busby write in the *Sun* that he liked the way O'Farrell coped with difficult situations? The answer is, no he did not—his ghost writer did. And that same writer also ghosts a column for ... Frank O'Farrell.

Vicente Pereda of Toluca heads for goal in the match against Atlante. The match ended in a 0–0 draw.

MEXICO PLAY-OFF

by Stellan Danielsson

THERE has been plenty of action on the Mexican soccer scene within the last months. The "Mexico 70" tournament had hardly finished when the officials from the first and the second division began meetings in order to organise a fusion between the two before the National FA. The purpose of the fusion would be to give the two professional sections of the National Football Association more votes, the position now being that the amateur section can outvote either of the professional sections. If complete honesty was the rule here, no fusion would really be necessary, however, as the real cause of the differences of opinion is simply a matter of "how can I get more money".

At the moment there has still been no final statement published by any of the two divisions. Here, too, the real problem unfortunately centres around money. A large number of meetings have been held, but the two cannot reach an agreement. I really cannot help but wonder if some officials are not involved with the game of football for the love of the game or for the sake of what glitters.

Trying to overrule the second division, the first at the end of the "Mexico 70" tournament suddenly, but not altogether unexpectedly, decided that there would be no relegation this year, thus cancelling the play-off between Laguna and Oro, and for the 1970–71 season the Mexican League first division will be increased to 18 participants.

By not relegating any team, and Zacatepec having been promoted already as second division champions 1969–70 the number of teams in division one were 17.

To get the additional entry it was first suggested to simply invite a team from the second division, a team with the following important characteristics: good geographical location, large number of inhabitants to secure good crowds, and a good ground.

The first team to come into mind was Puebla. An industrial city with over half a million inhabitants, only two hours' driving time from the capital, and with one of the best and most modern stadia in the republic, Estadio Cuauhtémoc, used in both the Olympic soccer tournament and the World Cup. The idea of simple invitation was, however, severely criticised by a great many people, and so an alternative had to be presented.

Location

The alternative reached was to invite four teams with the necessary location, stadia and following. The four sides invited were Puebla, Nacional from Guadalajara, Union de Curtidores from León, and Universidad de Nuevo León from Monterrey. All four entrants invited were from large industrial cities and all had excellent home stadia. However, as the tournament was sponsored and run by the first division, without sanction by the second, the two at the moment in a dispute, the three teams which did not make it into the first division would risk their second division places next season. On these grounds U. de Nuevo León declined the invitation, their place soon being filled by Naucalpan, an industrial suburb of Mexico City.

Since there was little time before the start of the 1970–71 campaign the promotion series had to get off to a prompt start. The six games to be played were all staged within one week at three nightly double headers at the Olympic Stadium in Mexico City. The result of the play-off was that Puebla will be found in the first division this season. The promotion of Puebla was not, however, decided until the last game in which Nacional were defeated by minimum margin 1-0. In their two other encounters Puebla drew with Curtidores 2-2 and beat Naucalpan 1-0.

Having won promotion, Puebla had exactly one and a half weeks to get ready for their return to the highest echelon of Mexican soccer after 15 years in obscurity. The difference in the quality of play between the first and second divisions in Mexico is so great that if Puebla had not reinforced their staff they would return to division two.

Of course, it was no easy task to find suitable players so soon before the start of the season, and moreover Puebla's insistence on not signing any foreign players did not improve matters.

Some new players did report for Puebla, however, and best known among them are former internationals Coco Gomez of America, Jorge Arévalo, who spent last season with Cruz Azul, and Martin Ibarecht last year with Toluca. Whether these reinforcements will be enough will remain to be seen.

Zacatepec, the other team to win promotion, had a little more time to get ready for the new season. Some of the better known players signed by Zacatepec are Gabriel Nuñes and Javier Fragoso, both from America, the latter a first team regular for Mexico in the last World Cup, and Cerda Canela from Toluca.

EUROPEAN POLL SURPRISES

by PHILIP EVANS

LIKE many others of its breed the *France Football* poll has the ability to evoke laughter and tears in equal measure. This year's poll was no exception, with voting that ranged from the inspired through the banal to the plain ridiculous.

It was to be expected that several Italians would be given votes in the poll, but some of the names that were missing were too important to be ignored. Riva's high share of the poll was only to be expected and there can be little doubt that he would have won the thing by a street had he shown anything like his usual venomous form in Mexico. It's possible that the break in his leg came at an emotive moment, but Mexico must be seen as his downfall. Reason fought emotion and won.

Most mystifying was Jacques Ferran's placement of Domenghini in second position in his list. Domenghini, he says, as well as being the motor of Cagliari (there are others who might have something to say about that) was also the best player among the Italians in Mexico. In fact Domingo found the conditions brutal, was unable to give everything for 90 minutes, did many good things, scored important goals, but was far behind Mazzola as an orchestrator of the Italian attack.

Consolation

Little wonder that Aldo Bardelli plumped for Mazzola in his list. But even that vote of retrospective confidence must have been small consolation for all the abuse that Mazzola received upon the return of the Italians to Italy. For several weeks afterwards, victim of the see-saw attitude his countrymen have with regard to Rivera, Mazzola was subjected to vile telephone calls and abuse on the street.

The Rivera affair was indubitably a shabby episode, the worst in a whole series, but it was shameful that Mazzola should be pilloried for having shown good form and a degree of conscientiousness when many around him allowed their attitudes towards team selection affect their form.

I was most appalled to note that neither Cera nor Boninsegna received a single vote in the poll. Cera's contribution to Cagliari's *scuderio*—whether behind or in front of the defence—was consistently powerful, and it can be argued that he was the most accomplished defender in the Italian defence in Mexico. Could his omission have anything to do with the fact that he was largely unknown outside Italy before last year?

And what of Boninsegna, who outshone Riva in the World Cup and played with the sort of courage and insight that transcended his lack of inches and need for genuine pace. What of Rosato, in Mexico the best of the European "stoppers" on view, whose absence in the last third of the game against West Germany opened the Italian defence wide open. He seems to have been victimised for his display against the Brazilians, when he was grotesquely misused, made to mark Tostao instead of Pelé. And with Banks gaining merely eight points it was unlikely that Albertosi would gain one. But again he played for Cagliari, and played well; and only allowed nervous tension to overcome him towards the end in Mexico.

Experiment

Turning from the poll to the Italian national team, a certain amount of interest is bound to surround the friendly between Italy and Spain towards the end of February. Will Riva be fit enough to play again in Italian colours? Will Valcareggi take the opportunity to experiment, the succeeding international merely the game against Eire at Dublin? Valcareggi solemnly admits to being a conservative in matters of team selection but his activities of late suggest rather a strong streak of conservationism.

For that drab match against Eire in Florence at the beginning of December he called up Benetti of Milan—only to keep him on the reserve bench long after the game was cut and dried. Faced with the absence of Riva he called again upon Prati, whose form he knows well, instead of a player such as Bettega who has done well in the junior teams.

What of Bertini, far from the best form which, in any case, was never massively impressive. There is a clutch of younger men waiting to be tried—Cuccureddu, for instance, or the neo-Milanese Biasiolo. And can Domenghini be afforded for much longer? The temptation must be to draft in an orthodox attacking right-winger, but the breed is very scarce. Salvi of Sampdoria seems the only man capable of staying out on the right and providing service into the middle. A good player but far from true international standard.

Valcareggi has also resisted the temptation to substitute Albertosi with Zoff, despite the latter's consistently high form in recent months. But the Italians have always held bizarre views over their goalkeepers, chopping and changing one moment, clinging desperately the next. And Albertosi is a good 'keeper.

In any case the Italians would do well not to be over-complacent when they meet Eire again. With players such as Dempsey, Mulligan, Conroy, Giles and Heighway available to them the Irish could give them a surprise. And I have a sneaky feeling that Heighway could run through whatever defensive formation even the Italians can come up with. It's not a game they will be able to stroll through.

Roma's Amarildo (left) in action with Franco Battisodo of Bologna at the Olympic Stadium in Rome. The match finished 1–1.

LEAGUE CHANGES CONTINUE

IT'S really amazing how South American countries continually change their league systems to create more spectator interest, hoping to improve in that way the bad finances of most clubs. I mentioned these league set-ups in a recent article, but there will be further changes next season.

Often these changes do not bring about the hoped for result and further changes are made. But change itself creates interest and one can truly say that in South American soccer there may be dull play, but never a dull moment.

Argentina, experimenting for the last four years with a National Championship apart from the regular First Division (now the Metropolitan Championship) whose clubs are mostly centred around Buenos Aires, is gradually giving more importance to the National. The Metropolitan Championship, which had 20 clubs this year, will gradually be reduced to 14 clubs. Next year the top 15 go into the National, while the rest will be relegated. Main problem foreseen is that clubs failing to get into the National will have no competition to play in for half the season.

At the same time the National, which started off with 16 clubs and was gradually increased to embrace more non-league clubs from the provinces, will be played between 24 clubs next season. They will be split into four groups of six from which the top two enter the quarter-finals to be played as a two-legged knock-out.

Complicated

In **Uruguay,** where the championship has long been monotonous because two clubs, Nacional and Peñarol, continually dominate it, a complicated system has now come into force which is, however, unlikely to change the final outcome.

The 12 First Division clubs play each other home and away. Then the top six, on the basis of points obtained that season and the one before, play a further round for the title, starting off with the points already gained that season. The rest play a further round to avoid relegation, starting off with the points obtained during that season and the one before. The bottom club is automatically relegated. The next two from the bottom play off with the second and third of the Second Division for their places.

In **Brazil** the system has changed little. Each State has its own championship. Then the top four from Rio and San Paulo, the top two from Bello Horizonte and Porto Alegre, one club from Rio and one from San Paulo which has the biggest gates (outside the top four) and three clubs from other States which have drawn the biggest gates, go into the Silver Cup or "Gomes Pedrosa" Cup tournament.

The only true national competition, where money plays no part, is the Brazil Cup played on a KO basis between the champions of the 22 State leagues, but this is often given less importance.

In **Chile** the season starts with Metropolitan and Provincial First Division clubs playing their separate championships. Then they play in the National Championship, split in two sections from which the top four of each go into a final round. Clubs go into the National Championship with one to five points start if they finished in the top five of the Metropolitan or Provincial tournaments.

Competition

The ten **Paraguayan First Division** clubs play each other home and away in the usual way. Then the top seven, on the basis of points obtained during the current season and the previous one, play a further round for the title.

Bolivia now has a national competition for which the top two from six State leagues qualify. They play in three groups of four clubs each, with the top two going into a final round. The nine-team La Paz league is the strongest.

The 14 First Division clubs in **Peru** get two points for a win and one for a draw during the first round, but when they meet for the second time they get four for a win and two for a draw. At the end the top seven play a further round for the title and the bottom seven play to avoid relegation.

This championship is truly national, because the winner of the Peru Cup, in which 180 clubs from all over the country take part, goes into the following year's First Division together with the Second Division champions, while one provincial and one metropolitan club is relegated.

Ecuador now has a really national championship also. After home and away games in the 13-club league, the top six play a further round for the title, while the other seven play to avoid relegation. The bottom four go back to their regional tournaments, while their places are filled by the champions of the four regional tournaments at Guayaquil, Quito, Ambato and Manta.

Colombian clubs (14) play two championships, one following the other. They meet home and away in each. Then the top two from each championship play for the title in a round-robin tournament.

★ **ERIC WEIL**

Independient forward, Yazalde, shoots for goal. Penarol are interested in this prolific scorer.

Two away wins for the Swiss

IT is doubtful whether many English soccer followers took much notice of the mid-December internationals which Switzerland played in Greece and in Malta. Both games counted towards the European Championship in Group 3, of which England are a member and the east iron favourite. It is equally questionable whether the England team manager or his established stars will be worried by the news that the Swiss won both matches to top the table with maximum points.

But in the land of the Alps these victories were regarded as the finest Christmas present ever delivered by the footballers before their customary winter break, and just as the sporting headlines were beginning to focus on the more seasonal pastimes such as ski-ing, skating, ice hockey, etc. For the first time in over 28 years the Swiss national side have won two consecutive away games and this within four days.

The 1-0 triumph over Greece at Athens was followed by a 2-1 success against Malta in La Valetta to gain full points which even the boldest optimists did not dare to forecast. Less perhaps on account of the admittedly modest opposition as in view of the peculiar local conditions, climate, the fear of hard grounds (especially in Malta) and not least because of Switzerland's poor away record.

In the past ten years the Helvetians won only in Portugal (2-0—1969), in Albania (2-0—1965), against Sweden (2-1—1961; on neutral ground in Berlin) and versus Belgium (4-2—1960!). After a series of five successive home games, their first visit for 14 months was in fact to their last hosts—Greece—who won 4-1 at Salonika to end Swiss interest in their World Cup qualifying group. Not surprisingly this repeated meeting was regarded here as the "moment of truth" for the team and its new manager Louis Maurer.

Disappointing year

The Greeks have had a disappointing year, losing to Spain 1-2 (a.), Australia 1-3 and West Germany 1-3, both at home, whilst drawing in Malta 1-1 (ENC). But in spite of—or perhaps because of—their poor showing, most observers expected a tough test by a team determined to break a shabby sequence.

In Athens the Swiss relied on their trusted performers with Kurt Müller (22), the Lucerne striker, as the only new cap. They startled the hosts by taking charge almost from the kick-off and though the winning goal was a rather fortuitous affair, such a refreshing brand of attacking football in an important away match deserved to be crowned with success.

Six minutes from the end goalkeeper Prosperi cleared with a mighty kick, the Greek defender Kamaras and their goalie Christidis appeared to hesitate as Müller reached the ball first to celebrate his début with the winning goal! Once again Switzerland's strongest department proved the midfield trio of Odermatt, Kuhn and Blättler and they confirmed their class four days later in the 2-1 victory in Malta.

Here the conditions were vastly different from those expected as the fears of a concrete-type, grass-less pitch were soon dispelled by a torrential downpour, accompanied by a gusty wind. The staging of the match was in balance right up to the start, but eventually the Bulgarian referee Mr. Russev decided that play was possible. On a sanded surface with huge water puddles everywhere the local boys were clearly at a disadvantage, for up to a few years ago no one played soccer in Malta when it rained! With the advent of international competitions, however, the Maltese have been forced to accept "English conditions".

Basle of Switzerland and Russia's Spartak contest a European Cup match in Moscow.

There is little doubt that newcomer "Kudi" Müller has come to stay. He made both goals for Quentin (50 minutes) and Künzli (59), while the hosts scored from a penalty awarded rather generously since Odermatt had not used his hand deliberately, the ball simply bouncing off the unpredictable ground on to his arm. The Swiss fielded practically the same team in both games as follows: Prosperi (Kunz taking over in Malta); Ramseier, Weibel, Perroud, Berset; Odermatt, Kuhn; Müller, Künzli, Blättler, Wenger (for whom Quentin deputised in both games after half-time). Balmer also replaced Künzli after 75 minutes in Athens.

BLAZER BADGES

HAND-MADE de luxe quality, in fine wire and silks: Aston V., Celtic, Everton, Liverpool, Newcastle, Q.P.R., Preston, Spurs, West Ham, etc., 42/6 each. Arsenal, Coventry, Glasgow Rangers, Hull, Leicester, Sheffield Wed., West Brom., etc., 47/6 each. Blackpool, Chelsea, Crystal P., Leeds Utd., Man. Utd., 52/6. Wolves 57/6. Man. City (full crest) 67/6. WORLD SOCCER SPECIAL BADGE 50/-. Air Mail Paid. Write for full list.

CRESTED TIES. Super terylene ties, in chief colour of club with hand-worked miniature shield under knot. 21/- each.

SPECIAL WORLD SOCCER CRESTED TIE 25/-. Air Mail paid.

CAR BADGES. Heavily chromium-plated with hand-painted Club design. Radiator grille or standard fitting. Superior quality to last for years. WORLD SOCCER included. 45/- each.

WALL PLAQUES to hang in your home. Hand-painted on oak shields, including WORLD SOCCER DESIGN. Price 45/- each.

SCARVES. Super quality finely-woven Saxony Wraps with length-wise colours (60" x 10½"). 37/6 each. BOBBLE HATS 7/6 each. For postage abroad (except World Soccer Badges and Ties) please add 5/- per item.

D. J. PARKINSON HAND BADGE MAKERS 124 VALLEY DRIVE, BRIGHTON, 5, Sussex.

Dept. S, CALLERS: 15 ALBERT ROAD, BRIGHTON 1.

by COLIN McALPIN

ALARMING DECLINE IN ATTENDANCES

BESET with a dull sameness in weekly fare—the 12 senior clubs meet throughout the season in seven major competitions—and an alarming decline in attendances, the Irish League moves into the New Year in a blanket of doubt and uncertainty. While the undertaker hasn't yet been phoned there's a feeling he is quietly biding his time.

Many within the game point to sponsorship, both at competition and club level, as the obvious saviour to the game's ills. The success of the British Isles first major sponsored competition, the Blaxnit All-Ireland Cup for the Cup semi-finalists from the Irish League and the Republic's League of Ireland, and that of go-ahead Coleraine, who have arranged financial support from local business, have encouraged others to probe this aspect of the game.

Certainly finance is the big worry for most clubs. Small gates and too many unimportant competitions, plus the alternative attractions on a Saturday have combined to give club treasurers little to smile about.

And, on top of these troubles, the players are now organising a more militant approach to their relationships with clubs. Recently a group of professionals began whipping up support of a Players' Union to sort out the tangled mess that exists in the local game. And there is every indication that, at long last, such a necessary body will be in full swing before the end of this season.

One of the men behind the idea, not a new one for a union of sorts existed some years ago without any real backing from the people it was trying to help, is Sammy Pavis of Crusaders, one of the game's most prolific scorers over the past couple of seasons.

Sammy, who was released by Irish Cup holders Linfield before joining the Seaview side, has long felt that unity was strength: "This move is intended to help the game here. After all, Irish football has been going for nearly 100 years and we haven't really made any progress. Other countries, who were not even playing football then, have become world leaders in the game. We simply must sort ourselves out if we want to make anything of the game."

Irish League professionals are paid a weekly wage of £6 plus bonus payments which individual clubs fix with their own players. But Sammy feels this is unrealistic and wants to see an increase to at least £10 a week.

"We don't want a fantastic sum of money," he says, "but we do want to be paid a realistic wage. At the moment, taking into account the time we give to football, the wage works out at 5s. an hour—that sort of money just isn't on. We want to start at £10 and if clubs can't pay that, considering the money their thriving social clubs earn, then something's wrong somewhere."

One good thing which the union could achieve, and which they aim to, would be the killing of the "amateur" player who takes home more than his professional team-mate. Clubs treat the "amateur" rule with scant respect and at the moment it doesn't pay a player to turn professional.

Sammy's main concern is apathy: "The time's ripe for such an organisation. But the players, public and press simply must support us. For the sake of the game we must succeed."

Distillery, now emerging as the top side for talent and skill after years of frustration and failure, could shortly be preparing for a move from cramped Grosvenor Park to a brand new sports complex in Newtownabbey, the growing town outside Belfast. Already club officials have been approached by the Newtonabbey Council with the offer of a place in the complex and both parties are delighted at the prospect.

Crusaders centre-forward Sammy Pavis (centre) takes on former Linfield team-mate Bryan Hamilton during a recent Irish League game at Windsor Park. Linfield won 7-0. Sammy is one of the men behind plans to set up a Players' Union in Northern Ireland.

Opportunity

Distillery face problems when Belfast corporation begin work on a ring road project near Grosvenor—indeed the club will lose part of their already-small ground to the road—and welcome the opportunity of a fresh start in a district not served by a senior club. It's a long-term proposal, of course, but if all goes according to plan the Whites, the oldest professional club in Ireland and one of the clubs with the proudest tradition, could be on the verge of a bright tomorrow.

Which is more than could be said for Crusaders, the babes of the League. In recent weeks they have been intent on tearing themselves apart, just at a period in their colourful history when everything should be going their way.

Players in revolt, internal fighting, poor performances—and this from the League's most talented side, man for man—and a general air of hopelessness has marked their march into the '70s.

For a club that started the season with a £45,000 social centre and a pool of players second to none it's been a sad ending to the year. Hammered 3-2 by amateurs Cliftonville and 7-0 by Linfield, they simply must sort themselves out if they are to succeed.

Apple blinds Spanish ref

Antonio Rigo.

EMILIO GURUCETA, Spain's FIFA vindicated referee whose suspension changed the face of Spanish football, is unexpectedly back in the game.

His first match after the great miscarriage of justice was ironically ... a ladies' match. He refereed the University-Murcia XI game at Murcia's great stadium in *preparation* for his First Division reappearance, the most nerve-racking afternoon of his life.

Preparation? It was hardly that. "I wish all matches were like the ladies' game. I hardly used my whistle all the afternoon. It was the most enjoyable game of my career," he told me afterwards.

A few days later he was in charge of the Atletico Bilbao-Celta league match. The San Mames crowd gave him a standing ovation ... applauded him on to the field, at the end and several times during the game.

It was "the welcome of the century".

Another Spanish referee in the news is Adolfo Bueno, the victim of the most costly apple in football.

Bueno was partly blinded when hit by an apple, thrown by a spectator, after awarding a disputed offside free-kick in the Atletico Bilbao-Seville match on November 30, 1969. He continued the game in considerable pain and next day specialists found the retina of his right eye to be seriously injured. He was in hospital for many weeks, underwent two operations to save his sight and for three months lived in complete darkness.

He is now slowly recovering but specialists at Barcelona's world-famous eye hospital, Clinica Barraguer, have grave doubts whether he will ever again have his normal sight.

Adolfo Bueno, 38 years of age, 18 years a referee (ten years in the First Division), 12 international games, is, or was, one of the most respected referees in Spain and Europe. Two days after handling the Leeds United-Dynamo Zagreb Fairs Cup Final in Yugoslavia he received a personal letter from FIFA President, Sir Stanley Rous ... and Sir Stanley doesn't throw congratulations around without cause.

Expenses

Married, with one son and two daughters, Bueno will never be able to continue his football career ... or, for some time, his post with the Zaragoza Gas and Electricity Company. He received only £350 compensation—plus £200 for medical expenses—from La Mutualidad (the footballers' insurance society).

A few days ago an All-Spain XI lost 1-4 to Red Star Belgrade in a match played in Zaragoza for the benefit of Bueno ... an idea mooted by Seville President, D. Ramon Cisernos. Only 4,000 braved the torrential rain and cold but fortunately most seats had been sold previously and TV Espana had bought the rights and televised the game. Bueno was handed a cheque for £6,000 and the Gold Medal of Merit, Spain's highest sporting award, by Minister of Sport, D. Juan Gich.

by NORMAN CUTLER

In spite of the normally good behaviour of Spanish crowds the Football Federation have since tightened regulations and forbidden the sale of drinks in bottles at all stadiums in Spain ... although Bueno's tragedy was caused by the most damaging apple since Eve's gift to Adam.

All referees have their peculiarities, but none in Spain has such a strange record as Antonio Rigo, First Division referee registered with the Baleares Federation. His is a mania.

Officials

Rigo, 40 years of age, is one of the country's top officials. Technically he knows the game inside out and invariably receives top classification for his performances. He's a trifle theatrical and apt to achieve authority by shouting rather than respect. Nevertheless by 1965 he had reached Spain's international panel and during the following three years increased his reputation by firm and admirable handling of international and European competition games.

But on July 11, 1968, Antonio Rigo's ascendancy came to an abrupt halt ... or, as many still maintain, he became the "fall guy" of the eternal rivalry between Real Madrid and Barcelona.

Early in the first half Real's Zunzunegui put Barcelona ahead with an own-goal ... and although tension naturally increased, nothing untoward happened. But in the second half a Madrid player was brought down near the area and in spite of strong Madrid and public appeals for a penalty, Rigo waved play on.

That started it. The crowd erupted ... almost everything movable rained on to the pitch (incidentally one of the few occasions of unruly crowd behaviour at Real's Stadium).

Antonio Rigo refused to alter his decision ... overcame the long interruption and the game ended with a 1-0 Barcelona victory.

He was suspended (no one knows why), stripped of his international status and for months was on the receiving end of grave accusations.

That was the period of Rigo's misfortune. He's back in favour now but his peculiarity is something quite different, a mania. It's that he either intensely dislikes English players ... or just doesn't understand, or won't accept, the type of game played by English teams.

How come? In recent years he has refereed six games between Spanish and English clubs ... and on each occasion has ordered off English players. Birmingham City ... two were given marching orders. Stirling Albion ... one. Manchester United ... one. Preston North End ... finished with only eight players, Rigo expelled three. He sent Liverpool's trainer to the dressing-room and insisted on a player being substituted at half-time or he would expel him immediately the game restarted (the Spanish club's president and I interceded and Rigo reluctantly relented). And last August two Tottenham players were banished.

Six games ... ten ordered off and one given a reprieve.

I know this man personally. He's likeable, charming and frank. But I've been unable to discover what there is about English players that reacts on the chemistry of referee Antonio Rigo.

MORE THOUG TECHNIQUES

AFTER the last World Cup semi-final against West Germany, when the Italians found themselves playing real attacking football, there was considerable speculation about the chances of *cattenaccio* being abandoned. Personally I never had any doubts that bred on a fear of defeat it would be quite impossible for the Italians to change their game which by now has become the only way they know how to play. Yet, as I said in my defensive piece in the November issue of WORLD SOCCER there's nothing wrong with defending as long as it is done at the right time and in the right way.

These last three words have reminded me of something that I have been intending to mention for a considerable time: the right way of tackling hard. As I see things, a foul tackle stands out as a matter which cannot possibly escape attention, yet repeatedly disputes arise about whether or not player A intended to commit a foul on player B or not.

No doubt a good defender knows when to tackle, and how, but with the pressures of the professional game forever mounting and amateurs seeing it all live and often again later on television, a school is growing up which believes that anything short of hitting an opponent with a corner flag is quite legitimate.

Wholehearted

When a defender commits himself to a challenge it should be wholehearted. All the weight of the body must be placed immediately over the point at which contact with the ball is anticipated. No one will argue about this on paper . . . but see how often a challenger places his weight not over the point at which boot will meet ball but a yard and a half beyond that point. The result is a clash of bodies and to my critical but perfectly natural gaze this is a blatant foul.

The energy that can be committed to a physical challenge is absolutely unlimited; the laws and the spirit of the game offer no dispute about the degree of power that may be used. A player is perfectly entitled to challenge for the ball with every last ounce of weight he's got—but it must be aimed at the ball, at the point of contact where boot meets ball. At no time should a player propel the entire weight of his body in such a way that he seems intent on going right through his opponent to meet the ball on the other side of recipient. Go with everything by all means, but apply it all to the ball.

Still on the topic of tackling it is clear to all except those already referred to, who go right through their opponent, that there will be times when they are beaten. The former will never be left flat-footed for they aim to get the ball or the man and if some don't seem to care much which it is there are some who look to me as if they hope it will be the man.

However, the normal defender will, at times, find that he has been beaten and speed of recovery is now vital. This is perhaps another argument that might be used against those who go beyond the ball for having committed themselves wholeheartedly they have put themselves out of the game if they fail by some miracle to get either man or ball.

Bobby Charlton of England and Horst Hottges of West Germany contest possession in a World Cup match in Mexico.

To improve recovery rates I recommend two courses of action: to exercise greater judgement before committing oneself wholeheartedly to a challenge for the ball and, secondly, improve the recovery rate. This last can be achieved by practice just like any other skill.

Assume that the challenger has gone down in his bid to win the ball—if only because recovering from any less advanced position is simpler and easier. Developing the knack of going down hard; getting up really sharp, turning and sprinting back towards the point from which the original challenge was made should soon improve things. One last point—do not be satisfied merely to get up and sprint away by turning to the left OR right only, but alternating each attempt in training, first to the right then to the left.

Before committing oneself to a wholehearted tackle reflect on how much simpler and effective it would be if a successful challenge could be made for the ball without touching the opponent and without going down. To win possession and to remain standing is a tremendous advantage for in this fraction of a second when possession of the ball switches from one team to the other, many of the team that was attacking will still be making forward runs and/or taking up supporting positions on the man who had possession. Now, all in a twinkling, we are on our feet and in a position to mount an immediate counter-attack with any number of opponents actually running the wrong way.

To be successful at this, however, the defender has to be cagey; to jockey off, waiting for the right moment, edging ever closer before the short, sharp, snake-like movement of the foot (the foot alone) which whips out like a thrusting rapier to whisk the ball away.

Having said all this it must be recognised that when in trouble—for example a player is caught in possession with an opponent tight on his back and knows he lacks the

HTS ON THE OF DEFENCE

TECHNICAL FEATURE by ERIC BATTY

finesse to play himself out of trouble (by screening the ball and feinting), he must seek a colleague in a deeper position to whom he can play the ball off.

Appreciation of this point will henceforth carry a good defender into support positions when he sees a colleague at a similar disadvantage and quite soon defensive players will soon learn how to "play" their way out of difficult situations.

Two last points before leaving this topic —the pass back to the 'keeper and the sliding tackle. If the goalkeeper is the only player "deep" of the defender caught with the ball and facing the wrong way, one quick glance should suffice to ensure whether or not it is safe to play the ball back.

Having decided that it is, then do so immediately for, given sufficient hesitation (time), even programme sellers will anticipate this pass and I've seen allegedly top-class defenders get themselves and their goalkeepers into no end of trouble. It's even been known to put good 'keepers with plenty of courage into hospital—attempting to remedy disastrous situations which could be so easily avoided.

Situations

Now the sliding tackle which should be reserved for situations which can be resolved in no other way. Even a successful sliding tackle (i.e. one that wins the ball) leaves the tackler lying on his back from which position he is, temporarily at least, right out of the game. To block a shot in a scramble close to goal, the sliding tackle is quite the fastest weapon a defender has and often the only one of any practical use.

Again, chasing a speedy winger who has the ball under close control, can be an extraordinarily difficult situation for a defender who knows his legs are slightly inferior to those of his opponent. One more step could be enough to put the opponent clear of anything save a foul, and at this moment the sliding tackle and the touchline are the defenders' best friends.

But, and this cannot be said too often—the sliding tackle must be recognised as a weapon which will bring only temporary relief and possibly gain a few precious seconds if the ball goes out of play. How much better to win the ball and still contrive to maintain one's feet?

As a general principle it is never a good policy to allow an opponent time to receive the ball and turn. The problems this situation can produce are trebled if the opponent is a bit quick and has talent and there are some players against whom it is disastrous to give both time and space.

Though the needs of a balanced defence (overall) and cover in depth, may necessitate a defender leaving his particular opponent from time to time he should always endeavour to strike the right balance between one responsibility and the other. If it isn't always possible, the ideal position for any defender is to be deep enough to provide good cover should it be needed, yet at the same time be close enough to one's immediate opponent to get "tight" on his back before he can receive the ball and turn.

Feinting

This does not, repeat not, mean that defenders are permitted or should be encouraged to go straight into an opponent's back as he receives the ball. To be tight, right up close and breathing in his ear is enough to let him know that he cannot "turn" unless he really can play. The more skilled the player, the more vital it is that he be denied the opportunity to turn on the ball and run at you, for there are some highly skilled players who have the ability to move at pace, feinting and weaving and murder three, four or five defenders in a row. This, of course, is why the professionals "get stuck in" on an opponent's back, even before he has the ball.

For full-backs, particularly, the chances are that should you find yourself in this position—with a good player coming at you with the ball at his feet—no matter how much he kids and feints to go "inside" —it will be a good policy to set oneself (in terms of balance) for a tackle with the outside foot. What this means is that right-wingers invariably go right and left-wingers go left. Full-backs therefore will be wise to set themselves for a challenge on the "outside", difficult though this might be against some of the really top grade players when they have the ball.

Even for the centre-backs there is a general rule that invariably holds good. Players in the middle who find themselves lucky enough to have turned on the ball inevitably prefer to shoot with one foot or the other. It follows therefore that a left-footed player, or one who favours his left, will attempt to send the defender the other way with a feint before trying to beat him by moving left and thereby taking the ball away on to his "shooting" foot. The experienced defender therefore has a good look at his opponents in the first minutes of a game to see which foot they favour.

But the enemy attack does not begin when play reaches a point close to our penalty area. It begins in the moment and at the point at which our previous attack

● *Continued on page 47*

Rival team managers Helmut Schoen (West Germany) and Sir Alf Ramsey (England) after their teams had clashed in the 1970 World Cup finals.

CHEAPER TO BUY THAN DEVELOP?

asks ARTHUR ROTMIL

THOSE soccer followers who for years have been criticising clubs devoted to high spending instead of raising their own talent, received an unexpected slap with the disclosure that to train a young player before promotion to the first team can often cost more than buying a ready-made star. From figures released by Arsenal it would appear that their 19-year-old inside-forward Charlie George, who was discovered five years ago and was ready for the senior side last season, required the astonishing outlay of £77,000.

No wonder many English clubs regard talent-spotting and the subsequent period of training promising youngsters as an expensive side-line. Who can blame them for the buy and sell policy, although some of the exaggerated deals have contributed to an inflationary transfer market. By way of an example, Chelsea have strengthened the present team—which for the first time in the club's 65-year-old history won the FA Cup last season and are now among the principal challengers for other honours—at a net cost of only £14,000.

Since manager Dave Sexton took over in 1967, the Londoners have bought eight players for a total amount of £362,000. In the same period the club sold nine men for £348,000, as shown by these tables:

Bought

A. Birchenall	£100,000
D. Webb	£40,000
J. Dempsey	£70,000
I. Hutchinson	£5,000
P. Mulligan	£17,500
I. Delacour	£4,500
K. Weller	£100,000
J. Phillips	£25,000
	£362,000

Sold

C. Waldron	£30,000
G. Butler	£65,000
J. Kirkup	£30,000
I. Hamilton	£5,000
J. Thompson	£40,000
A. Young	£8,000
B. Lloyd	£30,000
B. Tambling	£40,000
A. Birchenall	£100,000
	£348,000

In addition, by spending at the right time, before the end of the financial year, Chelsea have avoided paying out a large slice of the profits in Corporation tax. Compare this with Manchester United, who in the past two years have been the poorest buyers in the First Division with only £80,000, and had to remit £45,000 in tax.

Furthermore, most transfers benefit those players directly who have not asked for a move and are therefore entitled to a five per cent cut of their fee. Here the classic and almost unique example is provided by the 29-year-old centre-forward Tony Hateley, who cost six clubs the grand total of £400,000 during the last seven years. These transactions enriched him by a cool £20,000.

Similar cases prove that most managers either don't buy wisely, or show little patience with young talented players whom they dispose of too early and cheaply. Chelsea's most promising forward, Ian Hutchinson, cost only £5,000 when transferred from Cambridge United. But the "Pensioners" had to pay £100,000 for Keith Weller, whom Tottenham discarded for a mere £20,000 to Millwall four years ago. Rodney Marsh, once disposed of by Fulham for £15,000, is now said to be worth £200,000!

David Webb, pictured playing in the 1970 FA Cup final, with Eddie Gray of Leeds United.

Discovered

But how many clubs would be prepared to pay £77,000 for an 18-year-old soccer apprentice? Yet, this is what it cost Arsenal to launch Charlie George, since he was discovered at the age of 14. In common with other big clubs Arsenal employ a staff of 27 experienced scouts who start looking for talent on the schools' playing fields.

In order to find George, they had to watch 1,836 schoolboy games and sift through 40,392 youngsters. Out of those, 60 were picked for trials during their holidays whilst another 80 boys from the Greater London area were invited to train at Highbury twice a week. The costs of this provisional operation conducted by Arsenal's chief scout Gordon Clarke, were estimated at £16,000, which includes expenses, transport, accommodation, equipment, etc.

To train a group of nine selected juniors during the next two seasons cost £28,000 but by the time some of them advanced to the reserve side the overall upkeep jumped to £51,000 for the following year. The total cost of this scheme: £95,000 p.a., less £18,000 for the sale of apprentices who didn't make the grade. Arsenal discovered ten players in ten years fit for the first team, at the net cost of £77,000 per man.

In view of this it is hardly surprising that the 22 English First Division clubs have spent £4,602,000 on transfers in the last two years—on average £209,000 per club.

Van Moer scoops award

THE Footballer of the Year award in Belgium went to Standard Liege's Wilfried Van Moer for the third year running and he therefore equals the record held by Anderlecht's Paul Van Himst who was the first player to win the title three times. Himst's golden years were 1960, 1961 and 1965, while Moer's success has come more recently—1966, 1969 and 1970.

The poll is organised on a national basis by the daily newspaper *Het Laatste Nieuws* and Moer was a popular choice all round with managers, officials and journalists alike though it was the scribes who actually did the voting.

For this year's poll the organising committee changed the rules because it was quite apparent that in the last few years the judges, asked to name their first three, were basing their choice on performances in the 1969–70 season before waiting to see what happened during the first half of the 1970–71 season which after all is half of the year in question.

Consistent defence

So this time two votes were held—one secretly at the end of the 1969–70 term and then again at the end of December. But as it happened it didn't matter for Van Moer won both polls.

A lot of sympathy, however, came the way of Standard's young goalkeeper and Van Moer's team-mate, Christian Piot, who came second. He plays behind such a strong and consistent defence that he gets few chances to shine and therefore win this coveted "Golden Shoe Poll".

The highest placings were: Van Moer, Piot, Jean Dockx (Racing White), Nico Dewalque (Standard), Van Himst with Pierre Carteus (Bruges), Jan Mulder (Anderlecht), and Jean Thissen (Standard) sharing sixth spot.

Van Moer was an Antwerp player when he first won the award. He signed for Standard in June 1968 for a record £60,000 fee (around 6,000,000 Belgian francs). Bruges who were the other club interested in securing his signature, dropped out of the running just before the transfer deadline when they couldn't match Standard's bid. Since then he has won Championship medals with the club in 1969 and 1970.

The year 1971 looks like being another one of glory for the Liege club for at the halfway stage they led Bruges by a single point but have a habit of outlasting all rivals. Their lead would have been three points but two points were deducted from Standard by the Belgian National Disciplinary Committee after it discovered that the club had inadvertently played four foreigners in their team which beat Antwerp 2-0 in a League match.

CONFUSED FACTS

CONFUSED facts about foreigners in Spanish football crept into Roger Macdonald's World Diary (Foreign Players Out of Fashion), which I have been asked by official quarters to clarify.

The Football Federation of Spain recommended the continuation of their "No Foreign Importation" policy after a vote by clubs at their meeting last March. The Ministry of Sport confirmed the decision and decreed *no importations until after the World Cup in 1974*, when it would be debated again.

Barcelona, Sabadell, Seville, Granada, Mallorca and three Second Division clubs were in favour of the "Open Door" . . . the remaining 11 First Division clubs and 17 Second Divisioners were definitely against.

The Catalan club (Barcelona) *did have* an option of Cruyff of Ajax . . . Real Madrid had options on two Brazilians, an English star and a Yugoslavian . . . and most other clubs had had talks with foreigners in case the vote went in favour of importations.

Today and until 1974 any Spanish club—with Federation approval—can sign a foreigner providing he has Spanish parents (his father) and has not played in any grade of international match (even juvenile) for his country of origin.

Atletico Madrid have no one named Uriate born in Paraguay . . . this player is Atletico Bilbao's star forward and born in Viscaya. The Madrid club's "foreigners" are Ovejero (born in Santa Rosa, Argentine) and Garate from Sarandi, Argentine . . . both parents of these two are Spanish. The club also has UFARTE brought up in Brazil but born in Pontevedra . . . and Irueta from Irun (Guipuzcoa).

NORMAN CUTLER

Hermann Gunnarsson scores his first goal in Iceland's 2-0 victory over Norway in Reykjavik. He added the second 4 minutes later. Below, Valur goalkeeper Dagsson punches the ball clear of the on-rushing forwards of Akureyris. The game ended with Valur winning 6-5.

Long season in Iceland

THE 1969–70 football season was the longest on record in Iceland and for the first time a competition was held during the winter which had been considered impossible up to now because of the weather in the northern part of the country. The teams from the capital, Reykjavik, took part in this tourney which began last February (69) and ended in May. The winners, Fram, finished just one point ahead of the next three teams.

The real thing, the League Championship, started in the closing days of May and ended in the middle of September, and, again for the first time, eight teams took part—four from Reykjavik and four from towns outside the capital. Akranes, a small fishing town some 200 kilometres outside Reykjavik and boasting a population of just 5,000, provided the new champions. During the campaign they lost two games, the first against Vikingur 0-2 (they eventually finished last) and the last against IBV 0-3! The game against IBV was little more than a kick-about for Akranes, however, for the Championship was already theirs.

More impressive

The competition as a whole was one of the most exciting ever and in the 56 games played 181 goals were scored for an average of 3.23 per game. In Division II, 11 more goals were notched in the same number of games for an even more impressive average of 3.42.

Hermann Gunnarsson (Akureyri) was top goalgetter with 14, an average of a goal a game. This was helped by a remarkable three goals in four-and-a-half minutes' spell against the luckless Vikingur who were relegated and replaced by Breidablik. The Second Division Champions dropped only three points in all and with a goal average of 36 for and only six against were unbeaten throughout.

The Cup went to Fram who had a decidedly easier path to the Final than their opponents IBV. The latter met and beat Keflavik (then the reigning Champions), then Akureyri (the holders) and finally Akranes who looked set for a double. On the other hand Fram beat Vikingur and KR.

K. L. PALSSON

Colour and drama recaptured, but . . .

BOOK REVIEWS

World Cup '70. Edited by Hugh McIlvanney and Arthur Hopcraft; published by Eyre & Spottiswoode at £2.

On the face of it, this is easily the best of all the books dealing specifically with the 1970 world championship; it brings out perfectly the atmosphere, colour and drama of Mexico. But before the man at E & S circles those sentences as a quotable quote for the second edition, I would like him to know that I found the book as a whole much less agreeable.

World Cup '70 is in a sense a caricature of the championship, for the personality of its editors lies barely below the surface. All the time one sees the extrovert McIlvanney holding court with Joao Saldanha in a Guadalajara bar; and the comparatively introvert Hopcraft making neat little notes beside me as we jog along in the bus to Puebla.

For outstanding writers though they are, the editors have tried too hard to turn a football competition into a volume of thundering Tolstoy. Some of the metaphors are just plain ridiculous. In England against Rumania, for instance, Cooper was apparently "looking as if he were auditioning to play one of the waking dead in a Hammer film" while Mocanu "began to behave as if he had been hired at the interval to supply patients for an orthopædic hospital", for his "alleged tackles were almost high enough to scalp a short man".

Slight inconsistencies

As for those men of Fleet Street who read the proofs, I feel they should be made to pay for their own champagne in the Wig and Pen Club; for the book is not exactly free from error. For instance (page 91) Sweden did not need to rely on Israel doing a North Korea over Italy; a 2-0 win over Uruguay was enough in itself to put them in the quarter-finals.

Nor have the editors unravelled the mysteries of Moroccan names: while slight inconsistencies are inevitable, they could at least have decided whether the scorer against West Germany should be called Houmane (page 166) or Jarir (page 283). Equally, "Two Peru players forced a space" hardly does justice to their ingenious free-kick gambit against Bulgaria; and I think the editors malign Keith Newton when they claim he headed the ball back across goal for Müller to score decisively for Germany. And did Bonetti *really* have time to take two brisk steps to one side to pick up Beckenbauer's shot?

While the schizophrenic character of Sir Alf Ramsey is dealt with admirably, the errors at Leon are glossed over. The introduction of Hunter for example: if he was brought on to stem the German tide, what was he doing taking corner-kicks?

Great store is set by the fact that "there were 95 goals, and the champions scored four in the climax. They were sweet figures to roll in the mouth." But in 1966 England also scored four, and 89 goals in all were scored, with fewer periods of extra time. The difference is largely accounted for in "that improbable last half-hour" of Italy v. Germany.

Too much of **World Cup '70** is run of play, run of colour; too little the reasons why, or the right reasons and the right facts. Even Tolstoy could not conceal that Napoleon did retreat from Moscow.

ROGER MACDONALD

FOOTBALL'S M.P.

ICELAND'S Footballer of the Year for the second year in succession, KR's Ellert Schram, may well have another honour bestowed on him. He may well become the first footballer in the world to also be a Member of Parliament at the same time. For Schram is a candidate for a seat in the coming elections in the autumn but even if he is elected has indicated that he is prepared to carry on playing next season. He is already a lawyer and would seem almost certain of being elected.

Finally, this brief summary of last season would not be complete without recording the tragic incident which robbed Iceland of one of its most promising players. It happened when Iceland were in England preparing for the match with the England Amateur XI.

Runar Vilhjalmsson (18), who was to make his début for his country in the match, fell from a hotel balcony and subsequently died in hospital shortly after. In view of the accident it was hardly surprising to see a disappointing Iceland side defeated 0-1.

Soccer Coaching Aids

In collaboration with the English Football Association we produce a comprehensive collection of authoritative visual aids on footballing skills and techniques. For full details of our range of—

WALLCHARTS
BOOKS
FILMS
FILM LOOPS

Write to:—
EDUCATIONAL PRODUCTIONS LTD.
East Ardsley, Wakefield, Yorkshire.

ROGER MACDONALD'S African Notebook

Violence flairs in Nations Cup

ONCE again the African Nations Cup has fluctuated between violence and matches of high drama. None worse than the encounter between Ethiopia and Kenya to Addis Ababa; none better than the two games between Algeria and Africa's representatives in the World Cup, Morocco.

For the first time since the competition started, Ethiopia will not be represented in the final stages. The African Federation disqualified them after disgraceful scenes in the second leg of their tie against Kenya.

Their survival in any case was problematical, for the Kenyans had won the first leg 2-0 in Nairobi and were playing well in the second, despite Ethiopia's pressure. But in the 75th minute the referee awarded Kenya a penalty, from which they scored to make the aggregate 3-0. Immediately the crowd went mad, invading the pitch, and the local police were forced to draw their pistols and wield batons to rescue the referee from a howling mob. The referee and seven of the Kenyan team were taken to hospital with assorted injuries, although most of them were fit enough the next day to have an audience with Emperor Haile Selassie and receive his abject apologies.

So Kenya go through to the next round, where they meet Mauritius, surprise winners over Malagasy. The two island teams met first at Tananarive, where Malagasy, even with home advantage, could only win 2-1. The hero of the day was the Mauritius goalkeeper, Sauzier, and he played equally well in the second leg, which Mauritius won 4-1 for a 5-3 aggregate.

Encounter

The Morocco coach, Vidinic, relied largely on the players who had taken part in the three World Cup-ties in Leon for the tense encounter against their closest rivals, Algeria, and the gamble paid off. In Algiers Morocco began brilliantly and scored in seven minutes, Maaroufi heading in from a corner. The Algerians raised their game perceptibly, but it was not until the second minute of injury time in the first half that they got the equaliser—Khalem misheading, it seemed to me, a free-kick from Amar and sending Allal the wrong way.

In the second half Algeria's coach, Zouba, brought on the little midfield man from Belcourt, Selmi, a master stroke. For Selmi, touching the ball for only the second time, unleashed a pass so perfect for Khalem, that he had time to pick his spot and score easily. Morocco largely went to pieces after this, and in the 80th minute gave away a stupid goal. Moulay Idriss, gathering a hopeful punt from the Algerian full-back Debbah, passed back to Allal without looking. Khalem was on it like a flash to complete his hat-trick.

The match became steadily rougher in the closing minutes, when Slimani of Morocco and Algeria's Hadefi were sent off by the Egyptian referee. Morocco had several hair-raising escapes, and Vidinic told me afterwards: "You may regard 3-1 as a defeat. For me, it was a triumph. I was quite convinced in that last period we were going to lose 6-1!"

Seventeen days later the teams met again in Casablanca, where after a scrappy start Morocco gradually began to dominate the match, scoring twice in a seven-minute period. On the half-hour Faras gave Bamous a fleeting chance following a corner, and his shot was stopped but not saved by Abrouk. Then a fine passing movement involving six players ended with Petchou scoring with a fierce shot inside the post.

In the second half Algeria pulled themselves together, helped by more tactical substitutions by Zouba. But Natouri, who had a dreadful match, tried to burst the net when Petrouni's centre left him with an open goal; instead he hit the crossbar. The match seemed certain to go to extra time, but in the fifth minute added on for stoppages, Morocco forced a corner. Algeria got the ball away, but only to Boujemaa, whose speculative shot passed through a crowd of players into the net.

Reputations

So Vidinic breathed a sigh of relief. But Morocco will have to remember that the World Cup is past, and that their fellow Africans are no respecters of reputations.

Congo-Kinshasha forced 19 corners to two in their home match with Uganda, but could score only once, through Saidi. So Uganda seemed in with a chance of causing a major upset, but in playing a more open game themselves at Kampala, they exposed themselves to sudden counter-attacks. It was in two such attacks that the Engelbert centre-forward Kalala got two superb goals, taking on the defence by himself.

The last qualifying date was stretched a little for the United Arab Republic, who played their second leg against Libya early in January. The first leg, in Tripoli, was won 1-0 by the UAR, and no one could foresee the dramatic start to the return in Cairo the following Sunday. In the second minute the Egyptian centre-forward, Helil, scored from 25 yards, only for Abughalia to equalise for Libya two minutes later. The crowd was still buzzing when UAR kicked off, and Helil ran past four defenders to score yet again. In spite of a dozen near-misses, neither team could get another goal, leaving the UAR 3-1 winners on aggregate.

The Upper Volta sent Ghana a telegram on November 14 saying they were unable to fulfil their fixture because of "administrative difficulties". Nothing more of them has been heard since. When I last wrote to Ougadougou I was told that the Volta secretary had "gone fishing"....

1974 FORMULA CONFIRMED

THE number of finalists in the World Cup is to stay at 16, the Executive Committee of FIFA confirmed in Athens. They also approved a new elimination system for the final stages of the competition. The 16 teams will be split into four groups and the first and second teams in each group will form two further groups of four.

The winners of these groups will qualify for the final and the second placed teams will meet for third and fourth places.

The Committee authorised an international tournament in Brazil for July, 1972, to be contested by 18 national teams from South America, Europe, Africa and the CONCACAF Federation.

AFRICAN NATIONS' CUP

Sudan (holders), a bye

Morocco	1	3	Morocco
Algeria	3	0	
United Arab Republic	1	2	UAR
Libya	0	1	
Congo-Kinshasha	4	1	Congo-Kinshasha
Uganda	1	0	
Tanzania	1	2	Zambia
Zambia	1	5	
Ethiopia †	0	0	Kenya
Kenya	2	1	
Mauritius	1	4	Mauritius
Malagasy	2	1	
Senegal	0	0	Guinea
Guinea	1	0	
Mali	1	3	Mali
Niger	0	1	
Upper Volta	scr.		Ghana
Ghana	w/o		
Togo	2	0	Togo
Dahomey	1	0	
Nigeria	0	1	Congo-Brazzaville
Congo-Brazzaville	0	2	
Gabon	1	0	Ivory Coast
Ivory Coast	2	1	

Cameroon (hosts for finals), a bye

Scr. scratched; w/o walkover; † second leg abandoned, tie awarded to Kenya.
All second round matches must be completed by July 31, 1971. The six qualifiers join Sudan and Cameroon in the final rounds.

AFRICAN CHAMPION CLUBS CUP

Quarter-finals

Kotoko (Ghana)	1	2	Kotoko	0	0	Kotoko
Young Africans (Tanzania)	1	0				
Prison's (Uganda)	1	1	Ismaili	0	2	
Ismaili (United Arab Republic)	4	2				
Conakry I (Guinea)	1	4	C'n'kry I	1	1	Engelbert
Stade D'Abidjan (Ivory Coast)	1	3				
Modele de Lome (Togo)	0	1	Engelbert	2	3	
Engelbert (Congo-Kinshasha)	0	3				

The final, played over two legs, had not been completed at press time. The earlier rounds were given in full in October "World Soccer".

PREVIOUS WINNERS

AFRICAN NATIONS CUP

1957: United Arab Republic
1959: United Arab Republic
1961: Ethiopia
1963: Ghana
1965: Ghana
1967: Congo-Kimhasha
1969: Sudan

AFRICAN CLUB CUP

1964: Oryx Douala (Cameroon)
1965: no competition
1966: Stade D'Abidjan (Ivory Coast)
1967: Engelbert (Congo-Kimhasha)
1968: Engelbert
1969: Ismaili (United Arab Republic)
1970: in progress

KOTOKO KO ISMAILI

THE reigning African club champions, Ismaili of the United Arab Republic, failed gallantly in their efforts to keep their title. They were beaten in the semi-finals by the highly experienced Ghanaians, Kotoko, playing in their fourth competition in five years.

For Kotoko, it was sweet revenge—for they were beaten by Ismaili the previous year—drawing 2-2 in Accra and losing 4-3 in a dramatic match at the Zamalek stadium in Cairo.

This time Kotoko took no risks with open football. In Cairo they concentrated on defence, and with their goalkeeper Robert Mensah having a brilliant match, the first leg ended in a goalless draw. Then, in Accra, Kotoko seized their chance. After 36 minutes outside-left Malik Jabir put his side ahead with a tremendous shot, and five minutes later Kotoko scored a second goal. A long, loping cross from their captain, Osei Kofi, found the head of Orlando Osumanu, and not even Mensah could keep the ball out of the top corner of the net. Ismaili tried hard to reduce the arrears, but Kotoko held on comfortably to the finish.

Meanwhile Engelbert, the champions of Congo-Kinshasha, reached the final for the third year in succession. In Guinea Conakry I (who succeeded their local rivals, Conakry II, in the championship) made two serious errors in defence, allowing Engelbert to turn a 1-0 deficit into a 2-1 victory.

This made the second leg in Kinshasha almost a formality, and Engelbert played well within themselves in winning 3-1. Their outstanding striker Pierre Kalala got two of the goals, and Bwanga, normally reckoned as a midfield player, the third with a long shot. So Engelbert faced Kotoko in the final, knowing that victory would give them their third African title and the Cup outright.

Morocco trainer, Yugoslavian-born Blagoje Vidinic (extreme left) pictured after his team had drawn 1-1 with Bulgaria in the 1970 World Cup finals.

DYNAMO LOSE TREBLE BID

IN the closing weeks of the 1970 Russian season, Moscow Dynamo were poised for the big treble—FA Cup, First Division championship and the championship of the First Division's exclusive reserve league. With the FA Cup safely locked up—Dynamo beat Dynamo Tbilissi 2-1 in the final—and the reserve league championship finally won, Dynamo ran neck and neck with Moscow neighbours CZSKA during the final weeks but finally ended in deadlock.

Both sides gained 45 points from their 32 league matches and with goal average or goals difference not being recognised, the rules called for a play-off. Spartak, the 1969 champions, had an in and out season, mixing good victories with disappointing performances and finally ended up third—seven clear points behind.

Because of the climate the Moscow Dynamo-CZSKA play-off was staged in Taschkent and after 90 minutes there was still nothing between the teams at 0-0. An extra half-hour brought no goals and a replay was hastily arranged for the next day.

A crowd of 55,000 turned out for what proved to be the decisive battle and at half-time Dynamo had run up a 3-1 lead. But in the second half fate turned against them and after Fedotov had made it 2-3 for CZSKA, referee Bachramov awarded the Army team a 75th-minute penalty from which Polikarpov equalised.

Dynamo never seemed to recover from this unexpected reversal of fortune and though there was no further score in normal time (3-3) yet another extra half-hour was played. After only four minutes of extra time Fedotov again scored for CZSKA and 4-3 up that was how it stayed, giving the Army club their first championship success since 1951.

Top scorer in the league (excluding the play-offs) was Givi Nodija (Dynamo Tbilissi), who hit 17 goals, with Vladimir Kozlov (Dynamo Moscow) and Vladimir Kopelkhin (CZSKA) scoring 15 each. Spartak's top scorer was Chussainov with 12 who finished fourth. Three clubs were relegated—Spartak Ordjonikidze (their first season up); Torpedo Kutaissi and Cernomoretz Odessa — and to give Division I, 16 clubs for 1971, only two were promoted: Karpathy Lvov (Cup winners in 1969) and Kairat Alma Ata, up again after only one season in the second class.

SPORTING STORM

SPORTING LISBON, reigning champions, stormed through the first half of the league campaign as if they were going to walk it and at the half-way mark had won ten of their 13 games. Unbeaten, they had a goals tally of 24 for and only two against.

Academica, Setubal, Benfica and FC Porto were spread out behind—in that order—with Benfica six points behind. The Green Eagles, as Benfica are known at home, began the season brightly with a 2-0 win and a 1-1 draw in the big derby against champions Sporting but followed that with a lean spell of one win and three draws.

At this time English coach Jimmy Hagan was under considerable criticism and shortly before the half-way mark, with his club trailing six points behind the leaders, there were reports that Spain's national XI boss Ladislav Kubala had been approached for next season.

Situation

Suddenly, Hagan and Benfica took on a different hue when within the space of a few weeks the entire situation changed. In six games Eusebio hit seven goals and turned in several superb performances in a run which brought the club nine points from a possible ten.

The highlight of this period was, without doubt, the return game with Sporting at Benfica's "stadium of light" which pulled in a crowd of 80,000 and brought the home side a 5-1 victory. Artur Jorge, the former Academica centre-forward, scored three of the goals, but it was Eusebio who was the inspiration behind Benfica's morale-boosting conquest, scorer of the opening goal and without doubt man of the match.

When Sporting scored their goal — a penalty hit home by captain Jose Carlos with only 20 minutes left — they were already 4-0 down and playing like a team that knew they were beaten.

Sporting's confidence in themselves appeared to dissolve around the half-way mark unless some other factor, perhaps an internal dispute, kept secret thus far, has shaken the club. Before the Benfica disaster, Sporting were held to a 0-0 draw in the local derby with Lisbon's poor relations Belenenses and the following week they had to struggle for a 2-0 home win against newly promoted Tirsense.

The first match of the second half sparked off Sporting's real crisis, however, when, away to bottom of the table Barreirense (without a win), Sporting (still unbeaten) crashed 0-1. True, Sporting hit the Barreirense woodwork five times, but the fact remains they lost and the next time out came the Benfica defeat.

Now with the Portuguese game taking their first ever three week, mid-winter break and the top teams heading for South America, Sporting still lead Setubal by a point with Benfica and Academica one further point away, and at this stage the race is wide open.

Benfica, back row left to right: Matine, Coelho, Barros, Jacinto, Zeca and Jose Henrique. Front: Jaime Graca, Eusebio, Arturo Jorge, Torres and Simoes.

Thoughts on techniques of defence

● Continued from page 39

broke down. Almost as old as the game itself is an adage that . . . "the best form of defence is attack". The validity of this will be obvious for, though years old, it's still true.

If we have the ball and keep it down their end then we don't even need a goalkeeper. But there's another secondary point here which many people seem to miss. If a team loses possession of the ball deep in the enemy half then an immediate attempt must be made to harass the enemy and if regaining possession is too unlikely to even dream about, it is a fact that forwards, just like defenders, can make life very difficult indeed if they get up "tight" early on the man who has just won the ball.

Poor players—poor in terms of confidence and skill might even *give* you the ball out of fright if an opponent tackles back quickly enough and even the most experienced and skilful players can sometimes be harried into making a pass too quickly. Thus instead of being allowed time to look; measure the distance and weigh his pass, the opponent with ball may be forced into an error—giving off a ball that might be intercepted or even go straight to an opponent. But at least an early challenge increases the chances that the counter-attack which follows when our attack breaks down will be less effective and maybe even nullified if the first pass goes astray or the ball goes out of play.

Unorganised

Set pieces, the dead ball re-starts like free-kicks close to the penalty area and corner-kicks have come in for a great deal of thought in recent years, yet many defences are still largely unorganised when facing them. The most simple yet effective idea when facing direct free-kicks is to give pre-match instructions to one of the brighter defenders. In every such situation he must place himself directly in line with the ball and the nearest post.

Four other players—also nominated before the start—will then immediately position themselves, two on each side of the organiser. The goalkeeper is then free to cover the space at which the enemy is to be allowed a direct shot and in addition at least two defenders preferably the brightest and most imaginative should be placed in positions on either side of the wall and slightly deep of it—closer to goal.

This, of course, is just in case the enemy have thought up some particularly diabolical new free-kick involving decoys running off the ball. No matter how clever this might be, the defending side cannot do better than site their brightest players on either side and hope. Similarly there are simple basic rules for facing corner-kicks.

First of all we need an intelligent player on the near post—a man who has a clear understanding that no matter what, if he can get the ball away with head or foot then away it goes. It will also be of benefit to get your winger on the side from which the corner will be taken to drop back to watch for the short corner which will usually be taken quickly.

Sprinting

So often one sees a player suddenly leave the goalmouth to sprint towards the ball—often only running as a decoy—but *just in case* someone has to follow him. Decoy or not, the area in front of goal is now guarded by one less body than before. But with our winger sprinting back the moment the referee points to the flag he can pick up the runner whether or not it is a serious ploy and preserve our extra precious body in the goalmouth if the run was only a dummy.

Finally, a word or two about goalkeepers, some of whom appear to have developed the very strange idea that their job is to stand about until the ball is aimed at the space between their sticks.

The real goalkeeper, of course, is alive and concentrating from start to finish and not only looking and thinking but also "talking". No other defender is so well placed to see everything the enemy is doing. No other player can make it impossible for an opponent to creep up on his blind side . . . by standing on the line with his shoulders pointing one to each post, he has no blind side.

From this most advantageous position the good goalkeeper can see it all and the best of them may not touch the ball all afternoon but if he talks well and comes off the field with a sore throat it can be reckoned in general terms that he's already gone a long way towards having a good game.

LINE-UPS

DECEMBER 9

Italy (2) 3 (De Sisti pen, Boninsegna, Prati)
Eire (0) 0 — 55,000

Italy: Albertosi; Cera; Burgnich, Rosato, Facchetti; Bertini, Mazzola, De Sisti; Domenghini, Boninsegna, Prati.
Eire: Kelly; Brennan, Dempsey, Dunning, Finneane; Dunphy (Lawler), Byrne; Conroy, Givens, Rogers, Treacy.
(Ref.: Schaut/Belgium).

Turkey (2) 2 (Metin, Cemil)
Albania (1) 1 (Ziu) — 45,000

Turkey: Ali; Ergun, Muzaffer, Ercan, Alpaslan; Ziya, Sanli, Kamuran; Metin (Yusar), Cemil, Ender.
Albania: Dinela (Gama); Rales, Berisa, Ziu, Cani; Vaso, Ceco, Ragnani; Bizi, Yega, Pano.
(Ref.: Oskan/Hungary).

DECEMBER 16

Greece (0) 0
Switzerland (0) 1 (Muller) — 38,000

Greece: Christidis; Skrekis, Kamaras, Spyridon, Stathopoulos; Chaltas, Eleftherakis (Kritikopoulos), Domanos; Koudas, Joutsos, Papaioannou.
Switzerland: Prosperi; Weibel; Ramseier, Perroud, Berset; Odermatt, Kuhn, Blattler; Muller, Kunzli (Balmer), Wenger.
(Ref.: Gugulovic/Yugoslavia).

DECEMBER 20

Malta (0) 1 (Theobald pen.)
Switzerland (0) 2 (Quentin, Kunzli) — 8,000

Malta: Mizzi; E. Micallef; Privitera, Camilleri, Grima; Vassallo, Delia, Theobald (Vella); Cocks, C. Micallef, Bonett.
Switzerland: Kunz; Ramseier, Weibel, Perroud, Berset; Odermatt, Kuhn, Blattler; Muller, Kunzli (Balmer), Wenger.
(Ref.: Russev/Bulgaria).

INTERNATIONAL

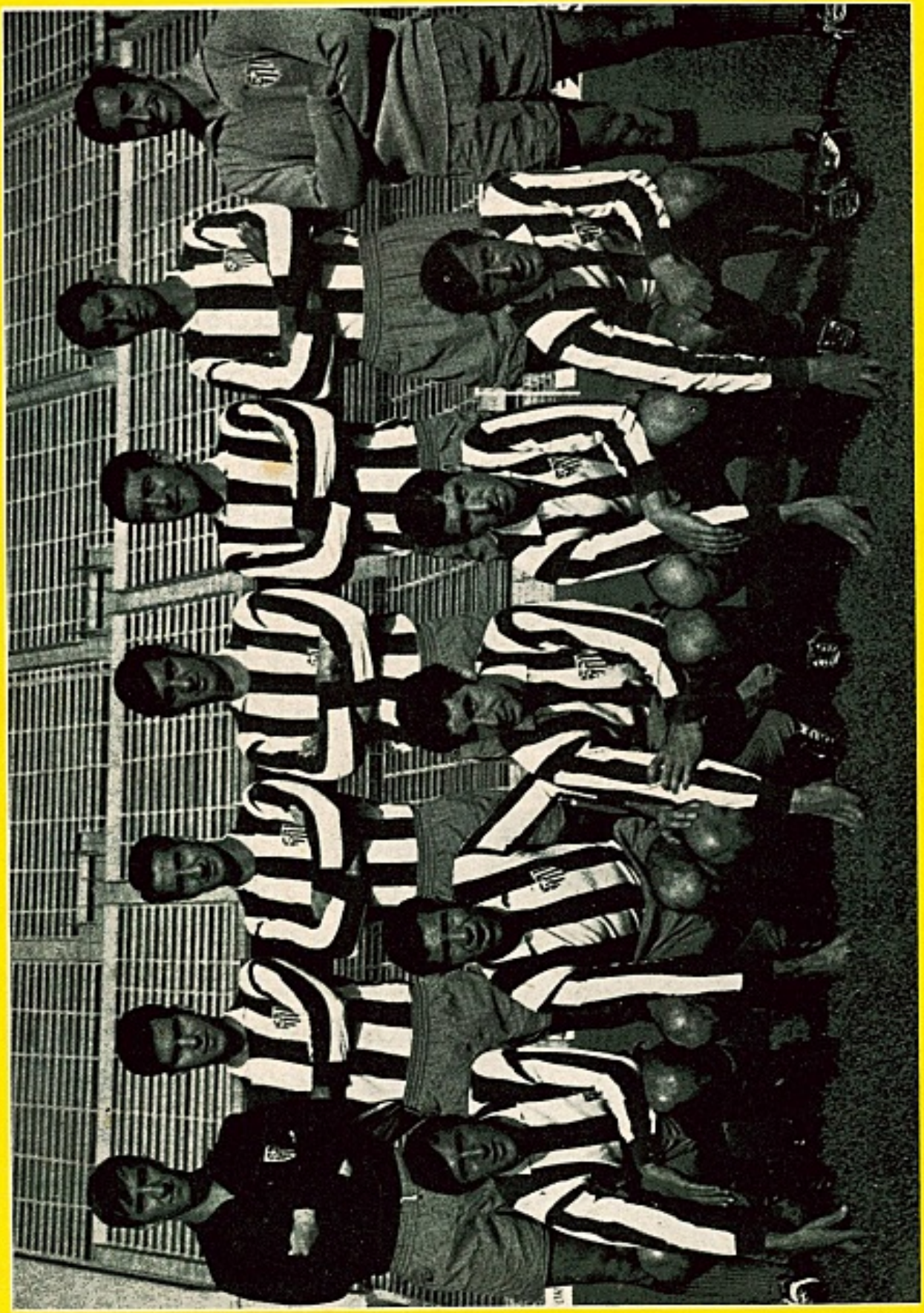
DECEMBER 9

Greece (0) 1 (Papaioannou)
Cyprus (1) 1 (Stylianou) — 10,000

Greece: Christidis (Ikonomopoulos); Eleftheriadis (Tomaras), Spyridon, Kamaras, Stathopoulos; Domasos, Eleftherakis, Syncinpoulos; Koudas, Papaioannou, Pomonis (Joutsos).
Cyprus: Filotas; Kouvasis, Kostas, Katos, Koureas; Stefanis (Vassilidis), Charamboulos, Fokis; Papadopoulos, Stylianou, Papettas.

Next Month

Special preview of the European Cup, Cup Winners Cup and Fairs Cup quarter-finals including a colour photo of FC Brugge. Don't miss this WORLD SOCCER special.



ATLETICO MADRID

Back row, left to right: Zubiarrain, Melo, Calleja, Iglesia, Eusebio, Rodri. Front: Ufarte, Luis, Garate, Iruereta, Adelardo.